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from Mr. M.

WILLIAM AND ELLEN:

A

POEM

IN

THREE CANTOS;

WITH

OTHER POETICAL WORKS

OF

AN AMERICAN.

Published for the Benefit of a helpless Child.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED BY J. SEYMOUR, No. 46, JOHN-STREET.

1811.

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District of New-York, ss.

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"William and Emma: a Poem, in Three Cantos; with other "Poetical Works of an American. Published for the benefit of "a helpless Child."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

CHARLES CLINTON, *Clerk of the District of New-York.*

TO

COLONEL HENRY RUTGERS,

GENERAL MATTHEW CLARKSON,

AND

MR. JOHN R. MURRAY,

GENTLEMEN, DISTINGUISHED AMONGST THEIR

FELLOW-CITIZENS

BY

THEIR LOVE OF COUNTRY,

THEIR PROMOTION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

THEIR UNIVERSAL BENEFICENCE,

AND

ALL THE CHRISTIAN GRACES,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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THE PREFACE.

WHEN a son of Columbia attempts to cultivate a natively poetical soul, and produce some performance, which may deserve public attention, he is commonly tormented on every side with the sneer, that not one of the NINE ever visited this Western World. That this should be the taunt of Europeans is not astonishing; but that our countrymen should doubt the possibility of any American's writing poetry is shameful. The attempt has often been made, under unfriendly circumstances, and the success has been greater than could have been expected in any infant country. Let the attempt be repeated, and when Americans shall have the same opportunities for mental cultivation with the British literati, there will not be wanting a constellation of luminaries in

every sign of Reason's zodiac. The same sun which shines on the Old World illumines the New. The climate, in a very considerable part of the United States, is preferable to that of the United Kingdoms. The Americans eat, drink, walk, sleep, study, and think, in the same manner as Englishmen. The well-educated young men of this country are as susceptible of fine emotions, and as capable of accurate description, as any of the specimens of English nobility which have been presented to us, in the persons of their polite travellers. The ladies of this country are not inferior in wit and beauty to their European mothers, but can inspire affection, and even enthusiastical love. What, then, should banish the Muses from our lowly cottages, lofty mountains, cultivated plains, and beautifully variegated intervales? English and French blood have mingled in the heart of the author of the following pages;

while he claims the proud distinction of a native American. Why may he not possess something of the melancholy of an Englishman, something of the vivacity of a Frank, and write American poetry? He has made the attempt; and entertains the hope, that he shall be enabled to please many, without contaminating the mind of a single youth by a vicious sentiment.

The confession, however, ought to be made, that this volume was not put to the press from any ambition to obtain the name of A POET; nor is the writer sanguine in his expectations of obtaining that honour, unless it should come from the candour of the elegant writer of "A Biographical Sketch of Thomas Campbell."

"Why then," it will be demanded, "do you presume to obtrude poems on the public?" To men of business, the author answers, that he is desirous of making money.

To men of benevolence, he adds, tha he wishes to devote the profits of hi work to the support of a little child, whe the author, after repeated solicitatio consented to accept of a dying woma that the mother might fall asleep i peace. The child is nine years of ag a sprightly boy, and with a little educa tion will hopefully make a respectabl mechanic. The intemperate father ha for years past deserted the children of hi loins. The mother was a member of Trin ty Church; industrious and pious. Whil in health she extended a truly materna care over all her offspring. She ha taught this boy to fear an oath and avoi bad company. But Divine Providenc afflicted her with the dropsy, and thi child was likely to be left defenceles He had lately begun to attend schoo and with tears and prayers she requeste that her boy might "be brought up to th church," and in a pious family. The au

thor promised to extend his protection to the object of her solicitude; and with the look of gratitude, when speech was gone, she departed to the invisible world. The lad now attends the charity school of Trinity Church, and the author pays weekly, one dollar and twenty-five cents for his board.

What man of feeling would not accept of such a betrustment, under such circumstances? Still it is difficult to feed and shelter a child in this city, without money. Poverty compels the author, therefore, to publish in haste, and to encounter the terrific apprehension of being called a miserable poetaster.

The intention of the writer will certainly be commended by those, who may not applaud his verses. Concerning many of the pieces, it is necessary to state, that ever since the author was fourteen years of age, they have been finding their way into different ephemeral publications.

Wherever, therefore, any one vers
this volume is to be found, the a
claims it as his property, to save hi
from the charge of plagiarism, r
than from any imagination that any
would be ambitious of the praise o
performances.

In the last Canto of the longest p
will be found a patriotic song, en
DUNCAN'S CORONACH, which the
thor hopes will be acceptable to
American; and which he is confi
will be read by some of the soldie
our late revolution, with a lively ren
brance of those "times which tried n
souls."

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE PASSIONS.

I.

ALAS! how few the joys of life,
How many are the ills!
We live in one continu'd strife,
The conflict of our wills.

II.

Desire and hope possess the mind,
And give alternate smiles;
And then our souls, to reason blind,
Are maz'd in fairy wiles.

III.

Ambition, with imperious sway,
Subjects us to his nod;
And those, who vanity obey,
Are chasten'd with the rod.

IV.

Love comes with cordials for the faint,
The drooping to elate;
But thousands drink without restraint,
Till love transforms to hate.

V.

Malice and envy act their part ;
When self's the god enshrin'd,
Each passion probes the wicked heart,
To leave a sting behind.

A RARE BEAUTY.

I.

ELIZA, thy enchanting smile,
Unlike the common simper vile,
Declares sincerity of heart,
And must sweet confidence impart.

II.

Thy lips, (fairer no damask rose,
That in the dew of morning blows,)
Utter no vain, unmeaning thing,
No love in feigned accents sing.

III.

Thy friend, enamour'd of thy charms,
Fears no deceit, has no alarms ;
For, true to what your tongue declares,
He reads affection in your airs.

TO A LADY,

Who compassionated me in necessity.

I.

THIS ugly, clumsy purse of mine,
Compos'd of merchant's wrapping twine,
I cheerfully to flames consign,
My Anna.

II.

So base a thing could never be
Design'd for any youth like me,
Nor made by female friend like thee,
My Anna.

III.

Ten cents I gave some country clown,
Who came with many such to town,
To buy his sister's wedding gown;
My Anna.

IV.

A better purse had I obtain'd,
This ragged one had ne'er complain'd,
And I no kind attention gain'd,
My Anna.

V.

My many friends, all truly kind,
Were to my wants entirely blind,
Till to relief at length inclin'd,
My Anna.

VI.

Accept his thanks, in humble verse,
Who would, but can't, thy praise rehearse,
Kind giver of this green silk purse,
My Anna.

AN ODE,

Addressed to Students in Medicine.

YE, who would learn "the healing art,"
And life to dying friends impart,
"New Amsterdam" regard:
This city claims your first respect:
To this you should your course direct,
Whatever may retard.

Here the fair Sun of science beams,
As erst on classic Tiber's streams,
Reflecting limpid light:
Here may the youth of tender eye,
Who shuns the Sun, delighted spy
The Mistress of the night.

In former times, when Freedom's FAME,
(No liar of the ancient name,)
Ascended Plymouth Rock,
To tell the nations o'er the sea,
The sons of Yankees should be free,
And give the Isles a shock;

Then Genius woke, and all the Arts
And Graces of all foreign parts,
And thought to migrate soon.
By one consent the hardy forms
Of Agriculture, brav'd the storms,
And found th' expected boon.

Then Manufactures flourish'd, where
The earth produc'd materials rare
  For each domestic use;
And Commerce came, wealth in her train;
To waft our surplus o'er the main,
  Or 'gainst invaders cruise.

Soon sturdy oaks and lofty pine,
By magic, from the hills decline,
  And form a fairy ship:
Aloft it rides; with streamers gay,
Unmann'd it glides through gilded spray,
  And makes "th' Atlantic trip."

GENIUS, with all her num'rous train,
In council sat o'er Europe's plain,
  To choose some future seat,
When "Freedom's Car" appear'd in sight,
All lovely as the dawning light,
  To aid them in retreat.

The lib'ral Arts foresaw the wo,
Which from usurping France would flow,
  And whelm their lands in blood;
They saw the growth of England's crime,
And war roll on, with rolling time,
  Its universal flood.

To follow agricult'ral Art,
Determin'd ev'ry glowing heart,
  And Genius gave consent:
At once this conclave in the sky
Resolv'd in human form to try
  The Western Continent.

Embark'd on board fair "Freedom's Car,"
They steer'd their course by Northern Star,
  And met no angry blast,
Till they arriv'd off Newfoundland,
And 'twixt the Yankee capes of sand,
  Quite up to Boston past.

They landed there: and there, awhile,
The tedious winters to beguile,
  Anticipated spring.
Some ARTS and GRACES firmer grew,
That lov'd the changing frosts and dew,
  While others clapp'd the wing.

At YALE some loiter'd on the road,
For there they found a warm abode:
  But Genius, with the laws
Of Music, Painting, Chemistry,
And ev'ry healing ministry,
  Sought "heilig Sant-a-Claus*."

* The tutelar Saint of "New-Amsterdam."

By leave obtain'd from this "good man,"
The Faculty have rais'd a clan
  In this most friendly clime,
Of men, beyond great Cullen wise;
Whose learned sons we trust shall rise
  In each succeeding time.

Two Colleges, like Rome and Greece,
Contending which shall most increase,
  The shreds of science glean:
And students, should they both attend,
Might cause their practice to depend
  Upon the *golden* mean.

Ye, who would learn the "healing art,"
And life to dying friends impart,
  These learned schools regard:
These of your country first, respect,
And here those theories detect,
  Which MEDICINE have marr'd.

ELWIN AND CELIA.

A TALE.

ELWIN and Celia, youthful, smil'd
  With mutual delight,
And oft each other's gloom beguil'd,
  And made each burden light.

Their brilliant eyes alternate fire
  Could at a glance create,
And with each innocent desire
  Each other's breast elate.

Each had a wildly graceful mein;
  And they together stood,
As thrifty olives erst were seen
  In Carmel's sacred wood.

Each, like a timid, sportive fawn,
  Could with the other play,
And frolic o'er the flow'ry lawn,
  Through all their vernal day.

They seem'd by heav'nly love design'd
  To form an equal pair;
Of tender heart, of ready mind,
  Each social bliss to share.

Their hearts were join'd; alas! their hands,
  That each the other prest,
Too late were bid in nuptial bands
  Entwine each other's breast.

Celia was rich: but Elwin's gold,
  The treasure of the great,
Refin'd in a celestial mould,
  Went not by "*troy-weight.*"

The ardent youth could ne'er consent
  To ask and be denied;
Nor would he have one fair repent,
  When once to him allied.

How could he wish her to descend
  From her accustom'd height?
Or could he bear she should befriend
  Him in his humble plight?

He fled the sunshine of his joy,
  And sought some twinkling star;
Lest he should wedlock's bliss alloy,
  Or Celia's comfort mar.

He liv'd beneath the feebler light,
  Contented with his race,
Though banish'd from the cheering sight
  Of Celia's brighter face.

Unhappy maid! she knew him not,
  Nor tax'd him with his pride;
But thought he had her love forgot,
  And so forbore to chide.

Mercator gain'd the precious boon,
  And for a time was wise;
But sunk to dissipation soon,
  And never more could rise.

He wasted most which fortune gave,
  Upon a giddy round;
When luxury prepar'd a grave,
  And laid him in the ground.

Young Elwin's good and faithful bride
  Possess'd a fragile frame;
But liv'd to twenty-five, and died
  To give a daughter name.

Silent he watch'd the lovely clay,
  Unceasing, day and night;
But on the third, that dismal day,
  Remov'd it from his sight.

His infant then became his care,
  And slept upon his arm:
He saw in it Almira's heir
  To every humble charm.

This child the blooming widow sought,
  When Elwin was away;
And soon the little prattler taught
  With thoughtless tongue to say:

"I am my father's only child,
  "He loves me as his life;
"On me alone his eyes have smil'd,
  "Since he has lost his wife."

This gentle hint the father heard,
  And woke as from a dream:
His varied passions, at each word,
  Sent forth a mingled stream.

Next time fair Celia drove in sight,
  He to his closet hied;
And grandam bade her lady light,
  For she could not be spied.

The child she found; and oft a kiss
  Imprinted on its cheek;
Nor did she dream more bliss than this
  Her spirit deign'd to seek.

Soft, from behind, her Elwin came,
  As e'er a ghost at night;
Nor, till the child pronounc'd his name,
  Was present to her sight.

Surpris'd she rose with damask hue,
  And would have fled his grasp,
But ev'ry grace that rose to view,
  Was lock'd in manly clasp.

Now was the time he plead his cause
  With *feeling* eloquence;
And she had injur'd nature's laws,
  Had she denied him *sense*:

For at the altar plighted faith
"Left free the human will;"
And, wedded to the choice of youth,
Each lov'd a first love still.

NOVELS NOT MENTAL FOOD,
OR THE
POISONED EWE-LAMB.

I.

I HAD an ewe-lamb, sweetly fair,
That oft engag'd my tender care;
That frisk'd and play'd the hours away,
From April to the close of May.

II.

Each morning witness'd her delight
To see her guardian come in sight;
She lick'd the hand that gave her food,
And seem'd to call her keeper good.

III.

Come, gentle lamb, I'll be thy friend,
And guard thee till thy life shall end:
No beast shall tread thee in the dust,
No dog shall tear, to sate his thirst.

IV.

Conscious almost, of what I said,
She thank'd me with her waving head,
And skipp'd away, to try her feet,
Or breathe the Zephyr's fragrance sweet.

V.

She bounded o'er the grassy plot;
And now, her keeper's care forgot,
Began, alas, the fatal deed!
To crop in sport a noxious weed.

VI.

The flow'r it bore allur'd her eye,
And made her wish the taste to try.
She tasted, and would eat no more
The wholesome food she lov'd before.

VII.

The poison soon began t' inflame,
And agonize the swollen frame:
She wildly ran, and fiercely cried,
Then feeble grew, and gasping died.

VIII.

Say, Mary, had thine hand been nigh,
Would'st thou have let the lambkin die?
Then feed not on the weeds of time,
To the neglect of food divine.

THE FEMALE CONQUEROR.

I.

"She stoops to conquer"—no, not she,
For sooner would she die:
She frowns, and bids her lover flee,
When he begins to sigh.

II.

While others give the side-long glance,
  She looks the other way :
And would he speak, away she'll dance,
  Or with her kitten play.

III.

When he attempts to take her hand,
  She gives her arm a flirt,
Or tells him 'tis her aunt's command
  To keep kid-gloves from dirt.

IV.

When he advances, she recedes,
  And bids him stay behind :
She laughs whene'er the lover pleads,
  And jeers, " alas ! how kind !"

V.

She conquers by such arts as these,
  And binds the poor soul fast ;
Awhile the thoughts of union please,
  But she's not bound at last.

VI.

Unlike the conqueror in war,
  She will not take the prey :
The thought of gain she can abhor,
  While she delights to slay.

VII.

He bids her take command of all,
  For she can rule with ease ;
While she cries, " let the lover fall,
  I conquer but to please !"

LINES,

Addressed to one who presented me with a Watch Paper, curiously cut, with these words in the circumference :

"Friendship's a gem not mines of gold can purchase."

I.

I AM involv'd, without a cent,
But, surely, could not much repent,
Were I involv'd a thousand fold :
No wealthy friend will give me aid,
And were I in a gainful trade,
This debt could not be paid with gold.

II.

Yet I would ne'er a rush receive,
And not some compensation give,
Should it my mental strength expend :
Friendship's a gem worth all Peru,
And since I have a pledge from you,
I'll pay you in the coin you send.

TO FRANCES,

WHEN BETROTHED TO BENSON.

I.

BENSON I judge a man of sense
From his judicious choice ;
I praise him not at truth's expense,
Nor thee with flattering voice.

II.

Affectionate and kind to all,
  Especially to friends,
Frances will make new blessings fall
  Where'er her sphere extends.

III.

Happy the circle that shall own
  Acquaintance with this fair!
Her cheerfulness, as I have known,
  Can banish black despair.

IV.

Though gay and lively, yet she thinks,
  And seriously too:
Her airs—her fascinating winks,
  Are to enliven you.

V.

A prudent, loving, faithful wife,
  Our Frances sure will be;
Will double all the joys of life,
  If not—I'll come and see.

TO THE

CONSORT OF AN HONOURABLE FRIEND,

Who is a Major-General, &c.

I.

MADAM, how quick our passions move,
And all the strength of virtue prove,
  As by a rushing gale!

Our Heav'nly Guardian's on our side,
And makes us o'er the tempest ride,
  Or all our hopes would fail.

II.

I'm often cast on restless seas,
And fancy too, with greatest ease,
  You understand my case;
For you are sometimes tempest-tost,
Enough to give up all for lost,
  If not upheld by grace.

III.

Your partner too, must trials share,
Since he consents he well might spare
  A gale or two of life;
But kind was Providence to send
The ardent man, the glowing friend,
  A most appropriate wife.

IV.

Were you of dull, unfeeling make,
His Honour's silver locks would shake,
  At his misguided choice;
And I should wail his hapless fate,
As having gain'd, by chance, a mate,
  Who should some dunce rejoice.

V.

'Tis strange a trio, such as we,
In all their movements should agree,
  While each one moves so fast!

Should we run counter with our might,
Like ships contending in the night—
Ah! what a clash at last!

VI.

The Gen'ral is "*a first-rate ship*,"
And should he all his "*guns let strip*,"
'Twould be "*unequal play*:"
But I, heighho! a cutter light,
Well form'd for chase, or speedy flight,
Could "*tack and run away*."

THE RUIN'D MARY*.

I.

BY Lackawana's winding stream,
Poor Mary wander'd in a dream;
Sad dream! that led her feet astray,
And blood-stain'd all the frozen way.

* *Extract from a Luzerne newspaper, printed in Pennsylvania, A. D.* 1806.

"One cold, stormy day, last February, a female stranger "made her appearance in the Beech-Woods Settlement, on the "Lackawana. She appeared to be about thirty; tall and deli-"cately formed; but the rose that had once bloomed on her "cheek, was withered by the canker-worm of care; and rea-"son no longer swayed his sceptre over her mind.

"*They've drown'd my mother: O! how she screams!—there!* "*there! she sinks!—help her—help her!* was the burden of her "song. She would occasionally cast her eyes on the men, and "with a wild and fearful look, exclaim, "*No! no!—I hate you* "*—you've ruin'd me! poor Poll would drown herself—but wa-*"*ter is cold.*"

"No entreaties could induce her to take shelter from the "storm: but she flew from house to house, a most melancholy

II.

Stern Winter's rain, in angry storm,
As with a cloak, inwrapp'd her form ;
And oft she pray'd, " O that this cloud
" Might prove poor Mary's winding shroud !"

III.

The Beech Woods heard her piercing cries,
And echo'd back responsive sighs :
The very winds relate her grief,
And plaintive plead for her relief.

IV.

The cottagers entreat the maid,
But she refuses friendly aid :
Her mother now is drown'd, she thinks :
" O help her ! help her !—there ! she sinks !"

" picture of sorrow and wo. After having been absent a day
" or two, she returned with an infant, naked, on her bosom.
" *Poor thing*," she would cry, when the hospitable cottagers
" begged it of her ; " *poor thing ! I know you'll starve it !*"
" Nature remained true to her duty, although reason had fled
" from her seat. A tear, the first she had shed, fell and ming-
" led with the snow on the child's neck. The soul of the little suf-
" ferer was just ready to wing its way to a kinder parent, when
" the unfortunate maniac entered a cottage, where the woman
" had but a few weeks before buried a new-born infant. She
" kindly begged that the child at least might be put in her
" arms. The mother consented, and Mrs. Bucklin, (for that
" is the name of the humane woman,) wiped the snow from
" its neck, wrapped it in warm flannel, and gave it breast.

" A gleam of wandering reason seemed to shoot across the
" mind of the distressed mother. She was delighted to see her
" offspring on the bosom of its humane nurse, and expressed no
" wish to take it again, but soon wandered off; declaring she
" had drowned her child. She passed this village, (Lazerne,) and
" it is not known whence she came, or whither she was going.
" Mrs. Bucklin still keeps the child, and nurses it as her own."

This affecting story, induced me to write the piece entitled
" The Ruin'd Mary," as a warning to the innocent, and severe
reproof to seducers.

V.

With fear and wildness in her eyes,
As on some monster in disguise,
She looks on man: "I hate thee, elf—
'Tis cold—or Poll would drown herself!"

VI.

"You've ruin'd me!" with groans she said,
And in the storm away she fled.
Incarnate devil, man, behold!
One half thy baseness can't be told.

VII.

Around roll three diurnal spheres,
When Mary ruin'd re-appears;
A melancholy wreck of charms,
With infant, naked, in her arms.

VIII.

Whoever ask'd to feed the child
Receiv'd an answer strangely wild:
"Poor thing!" she said, with trembling fear,
"You'd let it starve,"—and shed a tear.

IX.

The little suff'rer soon had fail'd,
Had not *her* tenderness prevail'd,
Who acted well the mother's part,
And gain'd poor Mary's long-lost heart.

X.

Kind lady Bucklin, let thy name
Be introduc'd, and known to fame,
For thou hast made the babe thy care,
While Mary roams, we know not where.

EARLY MATURITY:

ADDRESSED TO MISS M. E. C*.

I.

SOME gardens yield a thousand sweets,
And flow'rs of varying hue:
Mine scarcely offers one that greets
The pearly drops of dew.

II.

At length I've cropt the fruitful pea,
Which high o'erlooks the ground;
And which I deem a gift for thee,
The best I could have found.

III.

Mary, like this you seem to rise,
A tall, a tender vine,
With a luxuriance to surprise
And please, a heart like mine.

IV.

It grows with a peculiar grace,
A plant of social make:
The almost conjugal embrace
It loves to give and take.

* The paper, on which these lines were written, contained the top of a pea-vine, which had one blossom, with one imperfect pod, and a twig of birch, around which one of the tendrils had entwined itself.

V.

Accept, fair maid, the lovely vine,
  Whose blossom deigns to blush,
That oft its curling tendrils twine
  About some worthless bush.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

I.

MARTHA, I've bid your mansion hail,
And gathered flow'rets in the vale,
  For our dear little Sue;
For all your sisters, who have shar'd
With me, what bounteous Spring prepar'd
  For only them and you.

II.

Had you been here, I had resign'd
Each rose the vernal sun design'd
  To be by you carest,
To smile beneath your smiling eye,
Breathe sweet perfumes, and then to die
  Serenely on your breast.

III.

I've walk'd your long descending way,
And sported with the dashing spray,
  Along broad Hudson's stream:
Had you been there, more soft the breeze,
That cooling, sail'd along the trees;
  More bright the lunar beam.

IV.

Imagination paints the grace
Your family would give the place,
Were the whole group entire :
Return you then, and let the wind
Be to your home-bound father kind,
As even Love's desire.

TO THE MAID WHO FEEDS ON ROSES.

I.

WOULD roses bloom throughout the year,
Long might Maria live ;
But roses, something bids me fear,
December will not give.

II.

She lives on roses, and her lips
Are fragrant with perfumes ;
The morning dew-drop now she sips,
And now, the leaf consumes.

III.

Something more pure than common blood
Must run through ev'ry vein ;
Her food supplies some nectar flood,
Almost without a stain.

IV.

Happy the soul in such a frame,
From sanguine influence free :
The tints of anger, strife, and shame,
Can ne'er discolour thee.

V.

Bloom then, ye roses, through the year,
And let Maria live ;
Exotic roses, (cease my fear !)
December's nights shall give.

A TAX PAID TO MRS. N. R.

ON MEETING HER AT STAFFORD.

I.

MADAM, since we at Willard's meet,
And you politely force my muse,
With writing implements complete,
I could not, if I would, refuse.

II.

When ladies ask, indeed I give,
What dire necessity will yield ;
And sigh to think the poets live,
Like cattle on the common field.

III.

Unpaid they sing, nor look for wealth
Enough to buy the running reed ;
Not gratis then, I wish you health,
For you provide the pen I need.

IV.

Though fee'd, yet still I cheerful sing,
And choose the subject of my lines :
Health may you gain at Stafford Spring,
And bloom in health through future times.

V.

Be cheerful still, and *still* be wise,
To shine before the rising race;
Turn on your husband those black eyes,
Lest they should spoil another's face.

VI.

'Tis well few younger dames are here,
For you might jealousy excite:
'Tis well you came, or else, I fear,
No single fair had bid me write.

VII.

My quota of poetic tax
To you, and Stafford, thus I pay:
The pencil take, lest I relax
Into another idle lay.

IMPROMPTU:

To one who tarried but a night at Stafford.

FAIR one, tarry yet a while,
And the ling'ring hours beguile.
True, you need no Stafford Spring,
Since you no rough visage bring;
And I cannot wish your stay,
But to soften ev'ry lay;
But to touch the feeling heart,
And serenest joy impart.
With you came a smiling train,
Graces, which can banish pain,

Cheer us in the gloomy hour,
Or, with more than magic pow'r,
Still the noisy hotel-rout,
Turning stubborn souls about,
Till old bachelors confess
" Woman's nature's fairest dress."

CRAZY JULIA:

OR, COQUETRY REWARDED.

PART I.

HENRY'S SOLILOQUY.

NO cobweb ligaments entwine
About this captive soul of mine,
And bind it, willing slave, to thine,
My Julia!

Think you he could inconstant prove,
Whose soul has caught the fire of love,
First kindled in the world above?
My Julia!

When all the charms of beauty fade,
And ev'ry flow'r shall have decay'd,
I'll be th' admirer of thy shade,
My Julia!

Of thee will sing, of thee will boast,
And thou shalt be my constant toast,
When ev'ry earthly hope is lost,
My Julia!

I lov'd thee first: I'll love thee last;
This flame shall ne'er be wholly past,
Till death my aged heart-strings blast;
My Julia!

Thy presence is my great delight;
And banish'd from thy cheering sight,
The brightest morn resembles night,
My Julia!

You bid me go! I'll go to mourn,
Till I have past that long-sought bourn,
Where friendship meets a kind return,
My Julia!

PART II.

THE UNHAPPY INTERVIEW.

"Thou kindest lover, now impart
"Some cordial to this drooping heart,
"For mine, in love, still mine thou art,
"My Henry!

"Would God no Julia had been born!
"Poor wand'rer, of mankind the scorn,
"Thy threshold chills my heart forlorn,
"My Henry!"

"Just heaven!" he cried, "'tis Julia's voice!
"Come in, first partner of my choice;
"I'll make thy broken heart rejoice,
"My Julia!

"Whate'er thy crime, whate'er thy lot,
"Peace, hapless female—tell it not—
"Thy coquetry shall be forgot,
"My Julia!"

He rais'd her dewy, downcast head;
Her face was cold; he thought her dead:
"Forget my coquetry?" she said,
"My Henry!

"Curs'd be the folly that disdain'd
"To own the love I entertain'd;
"And curs'd the day when Mary gain'd
"My Henry!"

Nature relenting turn'd away;
He turn'd again, and strove to say,
"Come in; come in—Ah! well-a-day!
"My Julia!"

He sat her down. "And thou shalt be"—
She press'd his hand—"a friend to me;
"And I will be a friend to thee,
"My Julia!"

"Thou shalt partake my bread and wine,
"And lean on me in life's decline"—
"O might I be entirely thine,
"My Henry!"

"Mary and I can never part;
"Our tenderness we'll both impart"—
"O, would thou hadst another heart,
"My Henry!"

She said, and blush'd: then wild she grew:
Her burning tears her breasts bedew,
When from his arms resistless flew
Poor Julia!

"Mary, forgive this tenderness:
"I shall not love my wife the less,
"For sympathy in thy distress,
"Lost Julia!"

TO MRS. S—— AT STAFFORD.

I.

HOW dare the man, your fellow-bone,
Leave his fair partner here alone?
He trusts your love, or else his charms,
Will bind you, constant, to his arms.

II.

Of such a wife the wise man speaks;
And such a wife a wise man seeks,
That leave her when he will, or must,
In her his heart may safely trust.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER AN ELEGANTLY PAINTED

MOSS ROSE;

Which was presented by one of the fairest of the Fair.

I.

SEE, friends, the rose, the blooming rose,
Which fairest Laura made:
None fairer plastic nature knows;
And this will never fade.

II.

In dreary winter's coldest day
It feels no chilling frost;
It smiles, and blushing, seems to say,
"Ne'er let thy love be lost."

III.

Plain are its words, and I confess,
To feel each painted thorn
Gird me, unfaithful, were distress
Beyond reproach and scorn.

IV.

I'll oft survey its many charms,
And think upon my friend:
Should she be exil'd from my arms,
Our friendship shall not end.

A LULLABY;

FOR A LADY OF FASHION.

I.

SLEEP on, gay girl, and let your sister fair,
For you the necessary food prepare:
Sleep quietly, nor let a dream destroy
Your darling, drowsy, senseless, slumb'ring joy.

II.

"My head! my head!" you say. Ah! sad excuse;
Apology for customary use!
Sleep quietly; I charge the house be still,
Lest they awake the toast before she will.

III.

Eliza, prudent, takes the morning air,
And occupies her earliest hours with care;
Grows healthy, wise, and beautiful in mien,
While you become a wretched child of spleen.

IV.

Sleep quietly, nor let thy hollow breast
To thought and fond emotions wake from rest:
Slumber all day, for 'tis by candle light
You shine on ev'ry coxcomb of the night.

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND CHARLES,

On the clandestine departure of his Dog.

I.

CHARLEY, I think your favourite Boss
Committed a mistake most gross,
When he forsook his home;
For better food, and softer bed
He'll find not for his simple head,
Wherever he may roam.

II.

You lov'd him, Charley, and the best
A dog could wish, that lov'd his rest,
He ev'ry day enjoy'd:
He must have felt some canine fit,
When forth he wander'd like a cit,
Or was with kindness cloy'd.

III.

For constancy most curs have praise,
Above what any honest lays
Attribute to mankind.
Boss then, you see, was clearly base
Beyond the meanest of his race,
That ever growl'd or whin'd.

IV.

When he returns, be sure to flog
This full-fed, but ungrateful dog,
For aping human vice;
And if not lost to wholesome pride,
He'll gain instruction through his hide;
Else, hang him in a trice.

THE LOVER'S FINAL LEAVE.

I.

"NO more on this dull subject speak,"
Is her severe command:
When forthwith he resolves to seek
Peace in a distant land.

II.

Gone are the joys of former times:
"Begone false hopes of bliss!
"But I shall find in other climes,
"Content denied in this."

III.

Some pride, some hatred, or some love,
Most whimsically mad,
Constrain'd the lass "*to give the shove*"
To her enamour'd lad.

IV.

"Well, let her act a constant part
"Of hatred to the last:
"That will emancipate the heart
"She long has held too fast."

V.

With courage arm'd, by thoughts like these,
  Once more he ventures nigh,
Without a single hope to please,
  And yet without a sigh.

VI.

He came to take a final leave;
  And bade her bless the day,
When he should give no cause to grieve,
  Nor more attention pay.

VII.

He rais'd his hand to swear—but she—
  O the bewitching elf!
From all her prudish malice free,
  Drew down his hand herself.

VIII.

"No, I will vow:"—"you sha'n't," she said,
  And gave the youth a kiss,
"Except you vow me, artless* maid,
  "To render bliss for bliss."

LINES

Composed on leaving a friend's Country-Seat, late in the Summer.

I.

FAREWELL, thou friendly country-seat,
  Where health and social pleasures dwell;
Adieu, thou antique, cool retreat,
  Where Zephyrs with affection swell.

* *Artless*, when thus applied, commonly means *artful*.

II.

I leave your inmates for the hills
  Where first I drew the vital air:
The love of home this bosom fills—
  But still—this Bloomingdale is fair.

III.

I know not what peculiar grace
  Has charm'd my eye, my ear, my heart,
That I should so much love the place
  As most unwillingly to part.

IV.

No wonder, friends, that you should prize
  The rural pleasure Summer gives,
And daily feast th' insatiate eyes,
  So long as Summer's beauty lives.

V.

When Winter comes, and nights are long,
  You'll seek the town: no blast there felt,
Commingled wit, and cheering song,
  Would make an ice-bound stoic melt.

VI.

Let all the seasons that succeed,
  Th' improving children still befriend;
And love divine all love exceed,
  When all life's changing seasons end.

EPITHALAMIUM:

Presented to the Rev J. H. on the evening of his marriage.

I

'NEATH Carmel's mount, where osiers grow,
Beside the streams that gently flow,
A stately elm lift up its head,
And wide its waving branches spread.

II.

While winds uproot surrounding trees,
This elm th' impending tempest sees,
Bends its long boughs to every blast,
And smiles to feel its fury past.

III.

Hard by there grew a goodly vine,
Which, soon, I saw, the elm entwine
With ligaments no hand could form,
But that which guides the winged storm.

IV.

They flourish'd in luxuriant green,
And 'neath their shade were often seen
The flocks of Carmel, and the lambs,
Sporting beside their *sleeping* dams.

V.

For many years this rural pair
Gave cooling shades, and clusters fair:
But waxing old, they both decay,
And falling elm bears vine away.

A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

BLEST circle! where an aged grandsire sits,
Fills the large elbow-seat with dignity,
And smokes, contemplative the eve away;
Where the good mother of her family,
Employing every moment Heav'n assigns,
Repairs whatever rent the playful boy,
(That sits beside her, smiling while she chides,)
And other sons engag'd in merchandise,
Have in their clothing made: where winning Faith
And Patience, daughters rightly nam'd, beguile
With conversation and some useful work
The days and months which on each other tread
In quick succession: where the younger fair,
Improving from whate'er they see or hear,
Listen, attentive; smile when pleas'd, and speak,
When spoken to: blest circle! I may say,
Where I have spent so many happy hours.
Here I, a youthful stranger, oft have found
A home: here I have told in plaintive mood
Whatever grief I felt; for few, indeed,
Are all my sorrows; and those few, Oh shame!
Are phantoms of the imagination.
Kind sympathy, too kind in this respect,
Has bound me faster in the magic bands
Of melancholy. Here without a friend,
Surrounded by my friends, I oft am poor,
Abandon'd, miserable in extreme,

In delicate attire a vagabond,
Till Patience and her mother, by their smiles,
And Faith, reproving infamous distrust
Of a kind Providence, dissolve the charm.
Here I, with all the brother in my heart,
And filial pleasure in mine eyes, relate
The hist'ry of my father's family,
And courtship of my parents in their youth,
To those who kindly hear, for my delight.
What friendship could endure such selfishness
As I possess? What ear regard my wo,
When I have spent long days collecting gloom;
Depicting poverty, and every grief
In colours darker than Egyptian night?
When youthful ardour elevates the soul
And leads me to descant on social scenes;
When I anticipate such happiness,
As I, alas! shall never, never taste;
And dream myself in wedlock's silken bands,
With one whom most my partial soul admires;
What candour would forgive my gaiety,
My vanity which speaks in every look?
I've found, and can't forget the family.
Should I, a fugitive and vagabond
Upon the earth, wander from place to place,
Each cottage where I beg my bread shall hear
Their worth, and listen while an outcast wretch,
A tatter'd, hoary-headed lunatic
Repeats these lines, compos'd in better days,
A tribute of respect and gratitude.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL
OF AN
*INDIAN CHILD**.

I.

BY trouble of mind bereft of my sleep,
I heard at my door keen misery weep;
" White man arise, let your red brother in:
" He freezes without, while burning within."

II.

I started from bed; the loud Indian groan
Was follow'd again, by pitiful moan;
" Kind white man, arise, in dead of the night
" Poor papoose† is dead: pray lend me a light."

III.

My cot is the home of all that are poor;
I lighted my lamp and open'd the door:
" Come in, and be warm, thou child of distress,
" If hunger and cold, or sorrows oppress."

IV.

A wand'ring sachem's family came in,
With shiny wampum, but with blankets thin,
And hover'd, shiv'ring, 'round the kindling fire,
Till thus began the otter-painted sire.

* The whole of this piece is founded on fact. I know a cottage to which a family of wandering Indians came in the night, with an infant, which had been overlain, at which they borrowed a lantern, and then marching in their single file to the hills, buried the child in the bed of a large stone.

† Indian name for a babe.

V.

"Hear, brother, hear the Great North Bear growling!
"Gone up in tempests, still hear him howling!
"Great KITCHTAN* has caught the Bad Spirit's thief,
"That open'd his mouth for the young Otter chief.

VI.

"Prey from the mighty was taken to-night;
"Old Otter lives in the son of his might;
"But see the wild beast holds fast in his paw,
"Child of the woman†, poor Sanapawaw."

VII.

The blanket he rais'd from the tawny breast,
On which his squaw‡ a lifeless infant prest,
Wrapt in a fox-skin; from whose face 'twas plain,
The drunken sannup§ on his babe had lain.

VIII.

Warm'd well, at length, the cunning sachem said,
"Some orchard-beer** will raise the drooping head;
"Then, brother, lend me the use of your light,
"To hide in the hills the dead from my sight."

* The name of the Good Spirit, who is supposed to live in the South West.

† The female infant is called "child of the woman," but the male, "son of his father." The old Sachem rejoices that his oldest son, still a child, was not destroyed by the cold; but seems little to regard the premature death of an infant daughter. This partiality is not unusual among savages.

‡ The Indian name for wife or woman.

§ Husband.

** The Indians give this appellation to cider.

IX.

Old Otter went first, the mother behind :
And younger ones five, with loud yellings, wind,
Over the mountain, till, labour to save,
They roll out a stone to make the child's grave.

X.

There slumber, in peace, rude child of the squaw ;
Thy trouble was small, poor Sanapawaw !
The stone shall not bind thy body to dust,
The trumpet shall rouse the bones of the just.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS MARY BRAINARD.

I.

MOURNS any florist for the folded flow'r,
Which hangs its head, and slumbers for a night,
But opens with the earliest morning hour,
Illuming ev'ry eye with new-born light ?

II.

Thus slumbers, for a transient summer's eve,
Departed Mary in her lowly bed ;
And why should friends perpetually grieve
When faith assures us that she is not dead ?

III.

Forbear in sadness o'er her grave to bend,
And wipe away the ever falling tear ;
"Mourn not for me," she says to ev'ry friend,
"But for yourself, and all the living fear."

IV.

Grow, sweetest hope, where Mary's grave is found,
And shed your fragrance o'er her narrow bed;
For He who cultivates fair Eden's ground
Assures us, that he but transplants the dead.

V.

Mary is dead but still shall never die*;
Shall wake reluccent at approaching morn,
And bloom in hyacinthine gems on high,
A wreath of light around Salvation's horn.

AN ADDRESS,

On the morning of the New-Year, to a pious friend, of a brilliant soul, but frail constitution.

GIVE me a moment's peace! I'll tune my lyre,
And wildly celebrate that soul of fire,
Which beams perpetual, through those brilliant eyes,
Like some celestial from the bending skies:
Give me a leisure moment of delight,
Before the winged spirit takes her flight,
From that frail, dying, but surviving form,
Which seems retreating from th' impending storm,
And I will sing her praises in such strains
As shall be echo'd o'er th' ethereal plains.
Angels attend! I sing a child of grace,
A ransom'd daughter of our rebel race,

* "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." John xi. 25, 26.

Than whom a purer, absent from above,
Our Father yields not to a mortal's love.
Already sung the fair one's second birth,
Ye wait her ascent from the wretched earth,
To sound in softest ecstacy of strain,
" A kindred spirit joins Jehovah's train."
Now for a messenger of grace she lives,
And solace in his faithful labour gives;
But, seraphs! wait another year or two,
And she shall soar 'round Heav'ns high throne with you.

THE ST. PAUL OF AMERICA*.

I.

" I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,"
Whose face, undaunted, overlooks the storm,
And smiles at all the tempests which assay
To blast his fair fame, and his soul dismay.

II.

I glory in the Christian warrior's cause;
And love to celebrate his just applause;
For praise, when due, as well as censure, may
Proceed, untainted, from these lips of clay.

* When a celebrated preacher of this country was in England, he was called by many of the thousands who heard him, "The St. Paul of America."

III.

The good must love him, and their hearts adore
That God, who furnish'd from his plenteous store,
His breast with passions stronger far than death,
And breath'd an intellect of purest breath ;

IV.

With pow'r, to animate the soul of youth
To kindred ardour in pursuit of truth ;
With eloquence, to captivate the proud,
And calm the tumults of the maddening croud.

V.

Well did the Hero, Hamilton the great,
(The man remember, but forget his fate !)
Call this brave soldier, when unripe in years,
"The greatest, 'midst American compeers."

VI.

A thousand men of learning say "'twas just !"
And thousands, envious, acknowledge must,
Who, like street-scavengers, collect their load,
And then their Rozinante-Genius goad.

VII.

His soul has feeling for the broken heart,
And consolation, ample, to impart,
To all the feeble of the Saviour's flock,
For all the blood-bought, of the faithful stock.

VIII.

Onward he leads, and he who foremost goes
In Christian warfare, takes the heaviest blows :
But courage, chieftain, all will yet be well,
For now confusion's in the camp of hell.

IX.

God gave thee hail, to beat the scoffer's head,
God gave thee thunder, to awake the dead;
Christ made thee great, to grasp the sword and shield,
And smite old Satan, hastening from the field.

LE CALQUICK*.

I.

"I'LL go," he said, and strove to smile,
"For health to my own native isle,
"But soon will hasten from exile,
"Le Calquick loving ardently."

II.

The hectic, glowing on his cheek,
And hollow cough his death bespeak:
Why then in expectation seek
The isle of his nativity?

III.

"I leave the world when I leave you;"
He thought to say, and bid adieu,
To one whose faithfulness he knew
He might confide in constantly.

* The following lines describe no fictitious incidents, but are an unvarnished narration of events, which have transpired within a few years.

IV.

But Ann, betroth'd, propos'd to go
Companion in his deepest wo,
And face with him the last grim foe,
Now frowning on him sternly.

V.

"You've sacrific'd too much for me,"
He said, "and would you brave the sea?
"But who, in death, from self-love free,
"Rejects his solace willingly?

VI.

Friend of the heart, in death's embrace,
With him she would the ocean trace,
To lengthen life a little space,
Gone far beyond recovery.

VII.

She married him, a dying man,
Whose life had dwindled to a span,
To execute her favourite plan
Of soothing him in agony.

VIII.

She left her friends, and did not weep
T' embark upon the wayward deep,
That she might in soft slumbers keep
Le Calquick loving ardently.

IX.

Alas! their dernier hope was vain,
For he no sooner cross'd the main
Than he was number'd with the slain:
Consumption conquers rapidly.

CONSOLATION FOR PARENTS,

AFFLICTED BY THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

I.

TO earth, blest infant, wing thy way,
  Upon cherubic wings,
And to your mourning parents say
  Some soothing, heavenly things.

II.

The babe, departed, heard the call,
  And from the Shepherd's fold,
A lamb came, soft as anthems fall
  From lips of seraph mould.

III.

The snow-white vision from on high
  Came messenger of love:
"Bid my fond parents cease to sigh,
  "That I have gone above."

IV.

O wing your way, to them, I said;
  Indulge them with the sight;
Show them their infant is not dead,
  But rais'd to worlds of light.

V.

"They cannot see through floods of tears,
  "King Jesus children save:
"Go, tell them to dismiss their fears,
  "Nor linger o'er my grave.

VI.

"Go, you, the grateful truth disclose;
"Through Jesus' dying love,
"*Millions of infant souls compose*
"*The family above**.

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS ELIZA VAN WYCK†.

I.

IMMENSELY rich was made the heart,
By influence from above,
Which could in death to all impart
Rich legacies of love.

II.

A father, mother, pastor, friend,
Had all they could enjoy;
And love dilated, could extend
To crippled negro boy.

III.

Sainted Eliza, deathless fame
Delights to talk of thee;
And I, a stranger, learn her name
Who kindly pray'd for me.

* The two last lines are by Dr. Watts.
† These lines were occasioned by reading the Obituary notice in the Christian's Magazine for May, 1810.

IV.

I love thee for thy tenderness,
Which had such pow'r in death;
For sympathy in their distress
Who watch'd thy dying breath.

V.

I love thee, for unshaken trust
In Jesus crucified:
His blood has made the rebel just,
For whom the Surety died.

VI.

Yea, guilty rebel was thy name;
And 'twas the name of all
Exempted now from dreadful shame
And mis'ry of the fall.

VII.

Full proof thy parting counsels give
Of more than thou didst say;
"God touch'd thy soul, and bade thee live,"
A life in ev'ry day.

REFLECTIONS,

On reading several poetical epistles addressed to Miss Eliza Van Wyck, during her last illness.

I.

ELIZA's friend was highly bless'd,
Who felt a pleasure, when distress'd,
Which sooth'd his anxious mind:

He saw the lovely, languid form
Expos'd to the approaching storm;
  And saw a God behind.

II.

The plant, susceptible of pain,
Shrunk from the blast, surcharg'd with rain;
  And bow'd its body low,
To sleep in dust; but then, his eye
Could through the darkest mists descry
  The bright, propitious bow.

III.

"ONE fairer than the sons of men"
Was seen by faith's prophetic ken,
  Approach HIS cultur'd bow'r:
HE came to breathe the spicy gales,
To gather lilies of the vales,
  And seek the fairest flow'r.

IV.

On this, most delicately frail,
Which grew within his garden-pale
  He turn'd his eyes of love,
And bade "the rose without a thorn,"
Remove, thrive, blossom, and adorn
  His Paradise above.

THE RESURRECTION
OF AN AGED BELIEVER ANTICIPATED.

I.

SLEEP, venerable form, in dust,
Till Jesus comes to wake the just:
Soon shall the partner of thy breast,
Become partaker of thy rest.

II.

The changing, faded clay alone,
Surviving friends are left to moan:
For who could moan augmented joy,
And bliss that ne'er shall know alloy?

III.

Yes, sainted man, thy dust shall live;
And social joy thy spirit give,
To meet again its earthly friend,
And shine with Christ, when time shall end.

IV.

To meet thee in the world on high,
For this we pray, for this we sigh;
And if our God shall bless our days,
We'll join thee soon in heav'nly lays.

SELF-DEDICATION TO JESUS.

I.

THAT I may youthful follies flee
And lead a life of piety,
My youth I would devote to thee,
Thou ever blessed Jesus!

II.

Youthful affections are too cold,
And would my heart, to Satan sold,
Grow warmer for thee, when I'm old?
Thou ever loving Jesus!

III.

Without delay, I'll now be thine,
To faith and love do thou incline,
And say, O say, that thou art mine,
Thou condescending Jesus!

IV.

All riper years, should such arrive,
Or should they not, mine that survive,
My dearest friends to thee I'll give,
Thou ever faithful Jesus!

V.

In thee, the happiest youthful pair
May find a friend; and anxious care
Can never drive them to despair;
When comforted by Jesus!

VI.

Should death arrest an infant child,
That smil'd whene'er its parents smil'd,
Thy love would make th' affliction mild,
Thou soul-enriching Jesus!

VII.

Were I advanc'd to threescore years,
Or should twice ten increase my fears,
To think of thee, would dry my tears,
All satisfying Jesus!

VIII.

In youth, in manhood, or in age,
A simple child, or rev'rend sage,
I would thou shouldst my heart engage,
Thou everlasting Jesus!

CHRISTIAN AFFECTION,

FOR ONE BORN IN AFFLICTION.

I.

THEE, dearest Abby, I will own
I love with constant heart,
And what I honestly make known
You'll take in friendly part.

II.

If we believe what some relate,
With looks profoundly wise,
Some partly love, and partly hate
In the same exercise.

III.

I know of no such middle state,
But frankly must confess
I sometimes love, and sometimes hate,
To my most keen distress.

IV.

Affections planted in the mind,
Of whatsoever name,
Are complicated in their kind,
Deserving praise or blame.

V.

The best emotions of our race
  Have some unseen defect,
And partial praise, except through grace
  Accepted in th' ELECT.

VI.

The bad have not a doubtful fame
  From intermix'd desire,
For they deserve unmingled blame,
  Which dooms to endless fire.

VII.

Affections perfect I have not,
  But such as mortals feel,
Who have not higher claims forgot,
  Nor in deception deal.

VIII.

My love is ardent, and 'tis true,
  Without the least disguise,
No Abby is so dear as you,
  So precious in mine eyes.

IX.

I love thee, graceful lady, much,
  But love thee, Christian, more;
And since the grateful theme I touch,
  Thy God I will adore:

X.

Him will exalt who lov'd his child
  While thoughtless of his ways;
Him, who in time of sickness smil'd,
  And bade thee speak his praise.

WILLIAM AND ELLEN;

OR,

THREE SEASONS

OF

AFFECTION:

A

POEM,

IN

THREE CANTOS.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Human affection, like other things, is liable to change. In its rise and progress, it may be compared to the productions of Spring, Summer, and Autumn. Genuine love knows no Winter. To do justice to the THREE SEASONS, *Thompson's pencil would be requisite. In youth tender affections bud and blossom in profusion.* CECELIA *excites in* WILLIAM, *the* HERO *of love, a transient passion, which prevents no study, but makes him as usual, "a piece of a poet."* ELIZA *next engages his attention: she rejects him for his youth; he remonstrates, as youthful lovers will; is pliable in her hands; but beclouds his soul with the* green mania. *His residence is changed, and* ALMYRA *excites an uncommon interest. She marries an* HONOURABLE BACHELOR. *William slumbers in a young lawyer's office; has a vision of the destiny of his female friends, and of the death of a companion.* THE DIRGE *occasioned by* PHILO'S *death. Another removal. The Hero becomes a resident in* DUNCAN HALL. *Here affections discover themselves, of which the reader may learn something, if he has patience to peruse the second and third Cantos.*

WILLIAM AND ELLEN:

OR,

THREE SEASONS OF AFFECTION.

CANTO I.

THE SPRING.

I.

SINCE human things are liable to change,
Why should the most romantic deem it strange
That one, who lov'd in youth, should love in age,
And grow more ripe for love through every stage?
In youth, the mind is young, and all the powers
Resemble the unfolding, vernal flowers,
Which beautify the green, pomaceous trees,
And with their sweets embalm the dying breeze.
When Spring retires, some blossoms in her train,
Mark her departure o'er the verdant plain,
Nor leave a germ of fruit where once they blew,
Nor leave a stem on which th' embryo grew;
While others in their blushing bosoms press
The infant stamina, in golden dress;
Protect them from the chilling damps of night,
Or in the calyx gather food from light.
These blossoms in their soft embraces fold
More fruit than the prolific trees could hold,
And nature knowing what the limbs can bear,
Determines what to keep, and what to spare.

II.

Summer succeeds to the departed Spring,
And brings the nectar dew-drops on his wing,
To moisten the surrounding leaves and air,
To swell the green fruit to the rosy fair.
Next Autumn comes, to ripen the full grown,
And make the watchful cultivator own
Rewarded labour sweet. Thus gen'rous love
Has three successive seasons from above,
In one of which affections future blow,
And in the next the same affections grow,
Except, from their luxuriance, some fade,
That others may attain to higher grade,
Until in Autumn the ripe fruits appear
And crown with ecstacy the lasting year.

III.

To love no Winter comes with icy hand
To shake the trees, and glean the favour'd land.
He comes, indeed, to close the lustful life,
With dreary cold, with most tempestuous strife,
He comes, perchance, impatient for his reign,
To pluck the buds through all his wide domain;
But should some stamina escape the blast,
Whose unripe apples to December last,
Unsound the husbandman would find the core,
And hail-storms rend the tree, to bear no more.

IV.

Three seasons of the purest love demand
That Thompson take the pencil in his hand,

And shade the scenes which nature's self should etch
ut Thompson is no more ; and should one stretch
His hand presumptuous to the pen he left,
His arm would be by critic cleavers cleft.
Without presumption, let me then essay
With my own home-made brush and pen to play :
Like surgeons, who exhibit human hearts,
And lecture from the whole, dissecting parts,
Let me hold up the real life, and show
How youthful feelings will incessant flow,
Returning through their channels to the fount,
Like blood to be enlivened, and remount.

V.

Youth is the Spring of love, when love is gay
As any lark that hails the morn of May ;
When young affections like the tendrils twine
About all shrubs, which can uphold the vine,
That in progression, with a passion bold,
Designs the beauteous cedar to infold.
The youth of feeling, in this happy state,
Finds his whole soul with lively joy elate ;
Is free from care, basks in the warming sun,
And finds affection for the fair begun.
Each interesting object that appears,
Excites some fondness, or some hopes and fears ;
So that he thinks he never lov'd before,
But speedily will love a dozen more.
Fine is his form, and delicate his face,
Too delicate to wear the lover's grace :

Pearly his teeth, between two female lips,
And light before the smiling eye he trips,
Of her, who wishes he was not *too young*,
And pleas'd, scarce wishes he had never sung:

VI.

THE SONG.

My heart with its affection vex'd,
Was often sad; was oft perplex'd,
  In doubt what this would prove:
But queries ceas'd, disquiet fled
So soon as fair Cecelia said,
  William's too young to love.

I've never learn'd the paltry art,
By which deceivers gain the heart,
  Nor would I call you dove:
Such fulsome names must you disgust;
Yet say not, feigning to distrust,
  William's too young to love.

To bless the mild, to tame the blade,
Connubial bands in heaven were made,
  And sent us from above:
Then plead not my unstable youth:
Advance it not with air of truth,
  William's too young to love.

I'll be your lover, not your slave,
And wear the silken chain I crave,
Till we are call'd above;
Be thou the partner of my choice,
And thou shalt say, with fault'ring voice,
That I am ripe for love.

VII.

Cecelia heard his moon-shine serenade,
And heard his sighs, beneath the willow shade,
But lov'd a man more than the beardless child,
With feeling's earliest, fruitless flowers beguil'd.
Happy for William, without months of pain,
That he could wonted cheerfulness regain;
That new affections could the old succeed
And ne'er his scientific course impede.
Books were the pleasure of his solitude,
Books, not of romance, nor of trifles crude,
O'er which, when weary, he would sometimes haste,
But works of genius and superior taste.
At eighteen he convers'd with doctors wise,
And Stewart taught him Duncan to despise,
While Reid and Tooke, (but not without a shock!)
Convinc'd him errors might be found in Locke:
Familiar were the poets to his mind;
And pious Cowper, with great Milton blind,
In spite of all high sounding, senseless rhymes,
Of ancient and of modern measur'd lines,
Prov'd sense no more sole property of prose
Than spectacles design'd to aid the nose.

VIII.

When blooming plants the sexual system hate,
And every bird no longer seeks its mate;
When blossoms yield no longer sweet perfumes,
And night, encroaching, all the day consumes;
When cheering suns and planets cease to roll,
And winter binds the earth from pole to pole;
Then may an ardent youth, with learned head,
To female beauty be for ever dead.
Ambition, friendship, science, reign by turns,
While still, conceal'd, the warmer passion burns;
And one now occupies Cecelia's place,
Who seems the fairest of the fairy race.
With her, when silence wraps the world in sleep,
He loves to wander o'er the craggy steep,
And while the silver lamps the groves adorn,
To count the dew-drops on the sweet hawthorn.
She, too, contrives to meet him as by chance,
And, pleas'd, accepts him in the village dance,
Where all the damsels envy her success,
And willingly impute it all to dress.
His manner charms, his sentiments delight;
But who can trust the eagle in his flight?
Who can return him to the mountain nest,
And give security he there shall rest?

IX.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Why should my hopes, Eliza, blast?
Why should I lose the prize at last,
And strive, alas! in vain?

Why should those eyes, in which I find
Sweet solace for the social mind,
  Induce me to complain ?

They charm, indeed, but often say,
" William, perhaps, some future day,
  " Will love a rival more :
" Why promises should I receive,
" And give a heart which he may leave
  " Its fondness to deplore ?"

Oft, from the friend of little guile,
Some sternness, mingled with a smile,
  Would fain my soul estrange :
" Be prudent, William, and forbear
" In early life to choose a fair,
  " Whom you might wish to change."

Have done with such judicious speech !
I'm mad with love ! consent to teach
  My reason to return :
Be thou my lamp, congenial frame,
In which my love, of clearest flame,
  Shall never cease to burn.

Could words or actions speak so clear
As to dispel each anxious fear,
  Perplexity should cease :

Could hearts commune, mine should disclose
Each vagrant wish, each hope expose,
And thine from doubt release.

With confidence could vows inspire
The object of my soul's desire,
And her distrust remove,
I'd promise by those sacred ties,
By which religion binds the wise,
Ne'er to forget my love.

X.

Say, fairest friend, that e'er engag'd his heart,
Why are you silent when you could impart
Much happiness? But speak and you will please,
For all you say is with enchanting ease,
That wins the best affections to your cause,
And gains the tribute of sincere applause.
Reprove him, and he still will love the voice;
Correct with mildness, or express your choice,
Persuade or urge him, and I dare engage
You greater influence than any sage.
Whence then the coldness that you now express,
Ah! whence that singular uneasiness,
Which all your actions and your looks bespeak,
Would he a moment's conversation seek?
Once social intercourse, his chief delight,
Acquir'd new vigour from the cheering sight
Of you, whose countenance shed genial rays,
And made more bright the morning of his days:

But now the scene is chang'd ; dark mists arise,
And gloomy tempests sail before his eyes.

XI.

See him all shrouded in the darkness roam,
Young mendicant, without a peaceful home,
And weary, seat himself in some lone vale,
Where ev'ry object helps him to bewail
The inauspicious day, in which was born
The youth of feeling to a life forlorn.
Here, till his robes and locks are wet with dew,
He pensive sits, and thinks, dear maid, of you :
Imagines what you'd say, could you perceive
What a warm heart, unwilling to deceive,
Most deeply feels : depicts your smiles and frowns ;
Thinks you would tread on laurels and on crowns,
To taste the pleasures of a country life,
And be some worthy man's most worthy wife :
But soon, retracting, and constrain'd by grief
To change, unwillingly, this fond belief,
He thinks you most ambitious of your sex,
Pleas'd to coquet, delighted to perplex,
Proud of a hundred suitors in your train,
And boastful of the victories you gain.
Then, vex'd that he should once indulge the thought,
He raves, with more than madman's fury fraught,
And solemnly invokes, with frantic mind,
The wild woods to attest that you are kind.
" Say, evergreens, that she shall never fade ;
" Say that her mildness equals your cool shade ;

"Ye gentle ivies, that 'round elms intwine,
"Protest, unceasingly, she shall be mine;
"And thou, old oak, whose roots ne'er felt the blast,
"Affirm her principles are fix'd as fast."
Thrice he invok'd, nor chang'd the form of speech;
Thrice he conjur'd th' unfailing streams to teach
How love and friendship from their fountains flow,
Like waters meeting in the plains below.

XII.

The scene was chang'd, and thanks to winged time,
The youth of feeling loves in every clime.
Fairer than Helen, in her bridal charms,
Helen enjoy'd, while jealousy alarms;
Fairer than Venus, in her virgin smiles,
Ere young Anchises knew her am'rous wiles,
Almyra's countenance, nor smooth, nor gay,
Seems more benignant than a face of clay.
Ye connoisseurs, who judge by measur'd line
And symmetry, and call the face divine,
Say, if you please, as many fools declare,
That beauty shuns this captivating fair;
Say, if you will all common sense deny,
That youthful lovers might some fault descry.
Let stoic souls enjoy their boasted art,
Nor once instruction to the man impart,
Who thinks intelligence the highest grace,
Which Nature's Parent gives the female face.
What most call beauty might be carv'd in wood,
But this Almyra's beauty never could,

For on the heart her image is impress'd,
In smiles of goodness, like the angels dress'd.

XIII.

But, youth, forbear with expectations vain
To free thyself from momentary pain,
When disappointment, with increasing blast,
Shall scatter to the winds thy hopes at last:
Cease to admire the lovely maid awhile,
And thus the poignancy of grief beguile,
When soon, unwillingly, thine eyes shall see,
This blooming beauty smile no more on thee.
From other climes a noble form will rise,
Mature in years, in learned lumber wise,
Whom now convenience, and not love, inspires
With most profound, connubial desires.
With bonds and deeds, and popular applause
He comes to plead: His Honour gains the cause.

XIV.

Forbid it heaven, that aught but genuine worth
Should call Almyra's gentle spirit forth!
Forgive the poet, that a thought unkind
Was by the fact suggested to his mind;
And now, while William's friend, he will protest,
Whoever gains her must be greatly blest,
Both in acquirements, and in mental power,
Or she would love him ne'er a fleeting hour.
Bless then, dear youth, heroically bless,
However wounding to thy selfishness,
Him whom th' eternal Father form'd to win
The person fair, of fairer charms within:

Yea, bless his union, while you think too late
He joins himself in matrimonial state,
To taste the ecstacy of love he might,
Had youthful ardour led him to unite
In earlier years.

XV.

Love, like the tender vine,
Which yields th' exhilarating, mellow wine,
Should feel the first rays of the op'ning morn,
And ne'er be hedg'd in by the choking thorn;
Should drink the nectar of the vernal air,
And thriving most luxuriantly fair,
Be prun'd with skill. To love by rule, indeed,
Comports with ev'ry philosophic creed.
Adown the Stoic sits to dream of life,
Argues in favour of, and 'gainst a wife,
Cons all his own, and social troubles o'er,
To matrimony adding twice her store;
And could she plead the least and fewest cares,
He'd gather wheat among the many tares.
Sometimes the prudent soul the court resolves,
And thoughts of wedlock in his mind revolves;
But in pursuit of object, to his cost,
His dreary, philosophic love is lost:
Coldness succeeds the straggling rays of heat,
And darkness dismal hovers o'er his seat.

XVI.

Tell him, and give the anxious bosom rest,
With trembling hope, desponding fear distrest;

Tell him, enchantress of a heart sincere,
That the reports are true, which cause his fear.
'Tis fix'd, the venerable friend declares,
Nor the emotions of a lover spares :
'Tis fix'd, alas ! his mourning voice replies,
With tears half starting from his swollen eyes ;
'Tis fix'd ! and ere autumnal suns decay
Her friends will celebrate the nuptial day.

XVII.

Not long remain'd the wounded heart unheal'd,
For Cupid sent no arrows that were steel'd.
In Philo's office, where few clients call,
In elbow chair reclin'd against the wall,
Young William slept. Nothing disturb'd his mind ;
No, not his fair one, who had prov'd unkind ;
But calm, as when the cooling breezes bring
Refreshing slumber on their matin wing,
He slept and dreamt. His fair friends all arise,
And with their future prospects greet his eyes.
Hannah, the unassuming and the mild,
He saw embrace a lovely infant child.
Her partner was engag'd in merchandise :
His industry was great ; his plans were wise,
And all pronounc'd him happy in his wife,
Who liv'd a frugal, fruitful, placid life.
A country clergyman, of good repute,
He saw on Christmas-eve old Ann salute,
And two-fold were the courses of the feast,
For Catharine wed a great man of the East.

Cecelia and Eliza found the charms
They long desired, of Esau's chin and arms;
They found their husbands rough indeed, but true,
And rich, but closer than the grinding Jew.
Her next, whom all the nymphs of beauty crown'd,
Who smild on lovers, but on wedlock frown'd
He saw: but all her youthful graces fled,
Eternity's white blossoms cloth'd her head.
Next, smiling Philo woo'd a Platoness,
But what he felt, through fear could not express;
While Blackburn own'd he long had felt a flame,
And she consented to accept his name.

XVIII.

A short, uneasy slumber intervenes,
When suddenly a change in all the scenes
Arrests in terror all the dreamer's breath.
He sees the black insignia of death,
The scarf, the pall, the narrow, wooden bed,
And pure white linen shrouding all the head:
He sees the father bending o'er the son,
And hears the solemn services begun.
At this, the breath, now saturate with sighs,
Bursts forth in unintelligible cries;
While Philo laughs, "aye! what's the magic spell?"
"I thought," he says, "but what, I cannot tell!"
The vision ceas'd: but what was seen prov'd true,
For Philo slumbers 'neath the church-yard yew.

XIX.

THE DIRGE.

There sits the friend upon the long green seat
  To mourn the noblest dead of twenty-five;
And there at midnight kindred spirits meet,
  In as sweet converse as were both alive.

The murm'ring echos of the distant waves
  Inspire devotion in the mourner's mind,
The weeping willows, sweeping the still graves,
  Soothe his sad heart, and ev'ry thought's refin'd.

His soul soars far beyond the nether sky,
  And feels seraphic pleasure in the view:
He tastes those joys which never, never die;
  He tastes them while beneath the church-yard yew.

XX.

Far from these scenes the Son of Love remov'd,
And now, in ev'ry manly grace improv'd,
At twenty enter'd on life's busy stage,
The counsellor of youth, the prop of age;
More ripe in understanding than in years,
And persevering in despite of fears;
Too proud to act a counterfeited part,
Too warm to hide the emotions of his heart,
Imprudence chose he, rather than constraint,
For ugliness has preference to paint.

XXI.

The village chieftain was his constant friend;
And wide did Duncan's influence extend,
For by his wisdom he secur'd the mind
More firmly than the feudal laws could bind;
And by benignity to great and small
Reign'd undisputed lord in Duncan-Hall.
Here the young stranger found a warm retreat,
For here had Hospitality her seat;
And here affections, in their nature new,
Unnotic'd, like the mountain woodbines blew.

XXII.

A SONG.

Lo! yonder comes the bright bay steed,
  Towards the close of day;
He comes with more than common speed,
  Bespatterd o'er with dun-red clay.

The journey long, and rough the road,
  Why does young William haste?
Why does he full fleet Ranger goad,
  And thus the jaded spirits waste?

He comes with haste to Duncan's Hall,
  To chat the night away,
Nor cares he though by Ranger's fall
  Bespatter'd with the dun-red clay.

But who will welcome his return?
  Aye, Duncan's daughters fair;
And should they his attentions spurn,
  His soul would find no pleasure there.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

WILLIAM AND ELLEN;

OR,

THREE SEASONS

OF

AFFECTION:

A

POEM,

IN

THREE CANTOS.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO.

The SUMMER *of affection, like that of nature, has its mild entrance. Description of Duncan's two daughters,* ELLEN *and* MARY. *The usual reception of William after a journey, and the social intercourse, which is indulged. Imperceptibly a strong, but delicate attachment for Ellen arises in the heart of the youth, who has become cautious in relation to himself, and less confident of the captivation of others. The poet's opinion of what is requisite to a happy marriage. Ellen is assured of her own partiality, and anticipates a speedy disclosure on the part of her admirer. An evening ramble, to a summer-house, on an elevation. The feigned surprise. The request, and the* INSCRIPTION, *which a man of feeling would prefer to make. Ellen becomes jealous that her sister is the object of William's love. Her abrupt departure. She resolves to be repulsive. William's regret at the mistake. He rambles alone. Worldly disappointment, however small, makes a serious youth thoughtful of a better world. Ardent* LOVE *excludes not* PIETY *from youth. Ellen treats the youth with coldness, and well counterfeited indifference. An attempt to sleep. A dissertation on the utility of musquetoes. The melody of thought. The* PREDICTION, *made in a dream. It does not influence his conduct in the least. Fear of poverty and doubt of success prevent any confession. A tinge of melancholy.* INSPIRATION *by certain steam-boats loaded with ideas. A* VISION *of his imagined derangement. Ellen afflicted with* NERVOUS COMPLAINTS. *The conduct of the mother, William, and the Physician, on the occasion. Her restoration; the written suit; the rejection; and the close of the Summer season.*

WILLIAM AND ELLEN:

OR,

THREE SEASONS OF AFFECTION.

CANTO II.

THE SUMMER.

I.

MILD is the transit from the month of May
To Summer's longer fructifying day;
For as the gentle waves succeed in train,
Or concords follow in Æolian strain,
So the wild daughter of the snowy skin
Leads her more roseate, glowing sister in,
Then turns, disporting, to the dark green shade,
Contented there to live and die a maid,
Chaste as the moon-beams of the cloudless night,
Which shun the kisses of impregning light.

II.

Thus, imperceptibly, Love's Summer came,
In one well worthy of good Duncan's name;
In one, whose form the Graces might protest
Was stolen from them, while in downy rest,
And from their own aerial wardrobe drest:
In one, who had the noblest female mien,
Where all the gen'rous passions might be seen;
In one, whose understanding might compare
With More, or any of the learned fair;

In one, whose ev'ry movement prov'd her mind
Could all the senses of a hero bind,
And cords of love around free spirits wind;
Whose piercing frown congeal'd the coxcomb's heart,
Or made inconstancy for ever smart;
In one, who could command th' esteem of all,
Or make the stubborn resolution fall;
Whose virtue could chastise her fond desire,
And slighted love burn out its restless fire.

III.

Not all this wond'rous, fascinating power
Could be unfolded in a fleeting hour;
But at eighteen were scarce conceal'd from view
The rapt'rous charms of rip'ning twenty-two.
The father saw the image of his thought
In Ellen's lively apprehension wrought;
The mother saw in Mary's moisten'd eye
The tenderness of her maternal sigh;
The neighbours call'd both "beauties of the hill,"
And prais'd them in the accents of good-will,
While William found, in their society,
The joy of hope and grief, alternately.
Enough of disappointment he had known
In pensive mood to sit, and deeply groan;
Enough of courage too, had he to strive,
And genius that in poverty can thrive;
Enough of brilliancy in native wit,
With arrows keen the dancing sprite to hit;

So that the one his soul could animate,
And make him rise superior to fate;
The other soothe him in his gloomiest state,
And sympathetic, his chill bosom warm,
When almost blighted with th' impending storm.

IV.

No sooner Ranger pass'd the southern door,
And sounded loud his footsteps on the floor,
Than Duncan's daughters ran to meet their friend,
And wish him happy in his journey's end:
The father too came with majestic stride,
The best of tender partners by his side,
To see their children in the sportive sally,
And join them ambling in the gravell'd alley.
They liv'd as offspring of one common pair,
And all their sentiments were free as air;
For William had the brother in his breast,
Nor thought as yet, to analyze the rest.
He lov'd between the sisters long to stand,
And hold of each the undisposed hand;
Or with one on each side, in narrow chair
Right closely seated, take the morning air;
Or read to both, who wrought some cambric stuff,
To hide the blushing bosom with a ruff;
Or visit aged widows, poor indeed,
Or jointly prove the orphan's friend in need.
Many there are whose grateful tears attest
These virgin souls afforded hours of rest,
Freely bestow'd the needful bread and wine,
And cheer'd the dying with the hope divine.

V.

Meanwhile, like plants which drink the morning dew,
Unconscious of the fact, a passion grew
Invisibly. Unlike all former fires,
It lighted no indefinite desires;
It flash'd not suddenly on all around,
An ignis-fatuus from the foggy ground;
But made his heart warm, when in Ellen's cause
He sought to gain her merited applause;
And made his soul melt, when in deep distress
He saw the hand of sorrow on her press;
Or made the colour from his visage fly,
If serious danger was approaching nigh;
Or mingled smiles with blushes on his cheek,
When she could tender approbation speak.
" But 'tis love's promise," said he, " to exalt,
" And change to virtue ev'ry venial fault:
" Yet Ellen is not perfect, I descry,
" Nor prove my nights one long protracted sigh;
" I therefore love not: but, O tell me, why!"

VI.

Must, then, the lover be to failings blind,
Rather than to all human frailty kind?
Must he, who knows himself an erring man,
Think woman perfect? No, he never can!
Let male love female as he loves himself,
And prize her pleasure more than worldly pelf,
Delight in one in preference to the rest,
And be with her more than all others blest;

Let them accord in structure of the mind,
And mutual taste, and faith, and ardour find;
Let both determine always to forgive,
And should they in their second childhood live,
Their wedlock still would nuptial blessings give.

VII.

No argument does Ellen need to show,
That young affections in her bosom glow,
Which she has never felt for man before,
And which would live if hope itself were o'er.
Affection drew her graceful to his side,
And feebly made her his attentions chide,
While, down the winding pathway to the grove,
He spake the abstract dialect of love;
But often faulter'd in his accents wild,
And gazing fondly, through his blushes smil'd,
Or paus'd abruptly, in his flowing strain,
With emphasis, which said, "I can't explain!"

VIII.

She knew 'twas love that mantled all her cheek,
When oft he might, as she expected, speak
His preference: she knew 'twas love, indeed,
Which made her wish him ardently to plead,
And with a dignified impatience pant
For what she frankly had resolv'd to grant.
Her heart she felt was his: of course, her hand
Could not reject the solemn, social band,
Which should securely bind her earthly all
With him to prosper, or with him to fall.

He knew himself of ardent temp'rament,
Which gave occasion deeply to repent,
That in the glee of social intercourse,
Propell'd by some unseen, resistless force,
He said, imprudently, a thousand things,
Which Fancy could accommodate with wings:
He knew some former passions, blown in haste,
Were scatter'd now, unheeded on the waste;
And felt it a most base, unnat'ral crime,
To pluck carnations for the grave of time:
His spirit, therefore, cautious grown by care,
Would not be hoodwink'd, nor delude the fair.

IX.

When the declining rays the dew-cups fill,
And festoons shade the east side of the hill,
Forth went the sisters, strolling to the bower,
Where Time himself might linger for an hour,
Nor think the season lost: for there are seen,
In the superb varieties of green,
Below, the wide extended fields of grain,
Westward descending to the limpid plain;
And, o'er a thousand pastures on the south,
The Sound fast rolling by the river's mouth;
While on the east six steeples you espy,
Which proves so many villages are nigh;
And on the north, the lofty mountains nod
O'er all the churches, waves, and flocks of God.

X.

The youth of feeling saw them as they went;
For by his window long he sat intent

ı a subject pleasing, but abstruse,
ı pen in mouth already for his use,
ı elbow leaning on his writing stand,
rrinkled brow half cover'd with his hand,
eyes severe, which seem'd to pierce the air,
they caught the lovely, wand'ring pair:
ı, all the logic fled his waving head,
umber in the folios of the dead;
rops the winged pen, and treads it flat,
gerness to catch his falling hat,
through the winding way to the retreat
nds, till he has gain'd the lofty seat.

XI.

maids were there, and red with exercise,
il'd such beauties as, in soft surprise,
meet with modesty a lover's eyes;
when in August mountain shades are warm,
chastest virgin will expose her form
ımbent touches of the evening breeze,
ust it to the drapery of trees;
William gave the tangled shrubs a brush,
ning to prevent the slightest blush,
ı came forth, humming, with a downcast eye,
ımon, the time may come you need not fly* !"
arted with surprise, well acted too,
n full they came to his recover'd view,
hop'd his friends might not esteem it rude,
ıe unconscious on their shades intrude.

* Thompson's Seasons.

"Come," said the younger, archly, "sign a truce,
"Or we shall conquer in the feign'd excuse;
"Come, for your crime, confess on this white post,
"And here, like others, some fair damsel toast:
"The Summer-house will long contain your note;
"But, pray, give credit, if you choose to quote."
Then said he, like a minstrel, I disdain
That painted wood should hear a bard complain;
But if the ladies will their stay prolong,
Their friend will treat them with a native song.

XII.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Give me a pencil to inscribe the heart
With characters indelible;
While others with a leaden pen impart
Their praise to posts insensible.

Give me possession of the wild wind-harp,
And let me write the melody;
Give all the notes except the high-ton'd sharp,
For Love to keep in custody.

Give but the pow'r to make a single mark
To stand for mutual delight,
And love shall charge the cheerful morning lark,
To chaunt her praises in his flight.

When she is sad the pensive turtle-dove,
Instructed to unfold my grief,
Shall sing the sympathetic tears of love,
And by his song ensure relief.

No music floats but it shall reach her ear;
No flow'rets bloom but for her eye;
The look of confidence shall hush all fear,
The voice of love suppress each sigh.

XIII.

Says Ellen, "well done! Walter Scott, Esquire!
"When Mary wakes to ecstacy the lyre,
"'In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
"In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
"In halls, in gay attire is seen;
"In hamlets, dances on the green.
"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
"And men below, and saints above;
"For love is heaven, and heaven is love*.'"
"Here then, I leave you, in the evening shade,
"To breathe devotion to th' enamour'd maid,
"But trust not, Mary, half the poet sings,
"For ev'ry chirper, mother says, has wings."

XIV.

She spake half smiling, but abruptly turn'd,
For strange emotions in her bosom burn'd,

* Lay of the Last Minstrel.

To hide the too communicative face,
And give her envied, cheerful sister place ;
She turn'd to leave the mountain's cooling side,
Where jealousy had rous'd her virgin pride ;
For, " has he not confess'd decided choice
" Of Mary, in his song, with trembling voice ?
" Why, else, revolv'd on her the melting eye,
" With ev'ry look attun'd to melody ?"
Downward in dignity she mov'd along,
Revolving ev'ry accent of the song,
And chiding ev'ry action of her life
Which prov'd a maid less happy than a wife ;
Or firm resolving on demeanour grave,
Which from exposure should her feelings save.
Down danc'd her sister, gaily, at her side,
And William follow'd at a distance wide,
Till shades entangled all his prospects hide.

XV.

O, Ellen, 'twas your heart he would impress,
'Twas you that he intended to address :
The song was yours ; for you th' impassion'd strean
Pure and effulgent as the morning beams,
Which cheering suns, at the Creation's birth,
Diffus'd on Luna to illumine Earth.
Now eyes were open'd, which before were blind,
Now truth flash'd lightning through the darksome m
But, ah ! to re-assure one slighted fair
Is far more difficult than to despair.

XVI.

At ten, returning from his dark retreat,
The guardian angels heard the youth repeat,
" Hope, then, in this ; eternity is near :
" Eternal will be all the heart holds dear.
" Away, vain world, with thy delusive joys :
" Thy gilded bubbles, and thy glitt'ring toys
" No more shall charm. No more the siren voice
" Of pleasure shall decide the fault'ring choice
" To run the broad, but crooked road to death :
" No more th' enchantress, with her pois'ning breath,
" Shall whisper falsehoods to the unguarded ear,
" And conjure phantoms to destroy my fear
" Of Him, who should o'er ev'ry thought preside,
" And ev'ry motion of th' affections guide ;
" My heart shall idolize no creature's love,
" But treasure never-failing hopes above.
" Adieu, anticipations of my youth,
" Unfounded on th' Eternal Rock of Truth ;
" Adieu, false hopes of affluent middle age,
" And all the fading laurels of the sage :
" Away all thoughts of bliss without alloy,
" But, like its source, eternal be my joy."

XVII.

Our hero knew where pleasures must begin,
He knew the deathless peace of pardon'd sin,
And, when his earthly expectations fail'd,
With humble importunity assail'd

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The Throne of Grace, for strength to bear him up,
While Providence presents the bitter cup
Of healing medicine, for him to drain,
And faith forbids the spirit to complain.
He had serv'd idols, as have all the good,
Not gods indeed, of silver, gold, or wood,
But objects of pre-eminent regard,
Which oft the Christian in his course retard,
And bind the thoughts securely to a clod,
Which should ascend, devotional, to God.

XVIII.

'Twas social happiness, array'd in white,
Fair emblem of immaculate delight,
All winning in the noblest female form,
And breathing friendship from the bosom warm,
Which he exalted to the throne of pow'r,
And offer'd incense to it ev'ry hour;
'Twas Ellen's love exclusively he sought
To the rejection of sublimer thought;
But when this earthly deity expir'd,
The heavenly paradise his soul desir'd.
Blest were the slights of each succeeding day,
For disappointment makes the good man pray;
Kind were the sad perplexities he felt;
Kind are the ragings of the fire which melt
All molten gods into their native dust,
That in the Lord alone mankind may trust.

XIX.

"Shall I complain?" he said. "More joys than most
"Sojourning in the vale of tears can boast,

" I have possess'd : and still may call my own,
" What I prefer to an imperial throne,
" The pleasures of a conscience free from stings,
" And hope high soaring on seraphic wings.
" Not much do I anticipate below,
" But what above, nor men, nor angels know :
" Not heaven-born cherubs could to us express
" How the Redeemer will his people bless."

XX.

Such his reflections, such the mental frame
With which the youth from frequent rambles came
To " his own hired house." " Sweet babe !" he cried,
When he the smiling, pratling infant spied,
Which the fond mother folded to her arms,
And thought she clasp'd a prodigy of charms ;
" Here I experience innocent delight,
" Play with thy toys, and in thy parents' sight,
" Become companion for her little one
" Till all the Summer evening sands have run.
" How vain were all my thoughts of perfect bliss !
" This babe now smiling at a mother's kiss,
" Now pleas'd, now vex'd, now laughing, and now sad,
" At one thing angry, and the same thing glad,
" Too justly represents the life of man,
" A span of mis'ry, and of bliss a span."

XXI.

No longer would he wish the wind to ride,
Which plunges oft the stripling in the tide ;

But banishing each wild, romantic scene,
With all reflections that produce the spleen,
Would fain compose the weary mind in sleep.
Departed spirits, who soft slumbers keep,
Protect from midnight dangers that surround,
And when the morning's clarion shrill shall sound,
Awake him, who has not the power to save,
Awake him, or his bed becomes his grave.

XXII.

At first his guardians seem'd not to be near,
Nor drove away the harpy tribes of fear:
On leaden wings the weary moments fly,
(Enough the patient Prince of Uz to try!)
Full fraught, as stagnant air abounds with life,
With puny myrmidons of nervous strife,
The demons of the necromancer's skill,
Assuming all the shapes which poets will;
The *spirits* which stark madmen *see* in air,
And hear sublimely talk of mortals there;
The sylphs, which visit lovesick girls in bed,
And whisper messages about their head;
Are but musquetoes of tenacious bill,
That sing for blood, until they drink their fill.
These came in legions 'gainst his Roman nose,
Jocosely buzzing at his random blows,
Till he had wish'd in wrath annihilation
To all the singing insects of creation,
Had not reflection, in a curious train,
Convinc'd him nothing could exist in vain.

XXIII.

In London, noblest city of the world,
Where Zion's pure white banners are unfurl'd,
And whence the eagle of this western clime
The largest bore away in ancient time,
To wave a standard o'er Columbia's land,
That sons of freedom might for Jesus stand,
Or with the weapons of their Sov'reign fight
Against all rebel heresies of might;
In London liv'd an infidel of note,
Who had Voltaire and David Hume by rote,
To whom "all things the same, as good or evil,
"Jehovah, Jove, the Lama, or the Devil;
"Mohammed's braying, or Isaiah's lays,
"The Indian pawaws, or the Christian's praise*."
No preacher ever left him in a lurch,
Dangling about the portals of a church,
For at some porter-house the sabbath day
Was spent, in billiards, whist, or other play.
By chance, as deists ignorantly speak,
Or *luckily*, as some believers weak,
He heard of music in a place of pray'r,
Perform'd, 'twas said, *in a celestial air;*
And swearing still no "canting priest" to hear,
Resolv'd to gratify his longing ear,
With softest psalmody. To church he went,
But, on the way, his ribaldry must vent

* See "The Triumph of Infidelity," supposed to be written by President Dwight.

Against "the parson and priest-ridden mob,
"That would Dame Nature of the senses rob."
Seven years could testify to his neglect
Of ev'ry house of praise; seven years detect
The gross hypocrisy of unbelief,
And prove his infidelity the thief,
Which greedily would plunder nature's God
Of all his honours. O'er the threshold trod
This proud, blasphemous enemy of grace,
With smiles contemptuous in his *made up* face;
Heard in the first song the Redeemer prais'd,
And then, to auditory organs rais'd
Both hands, t' exclude the preacher's warning voice.
Never to hear was his determin'd choice;
For he had imprecated blasted views
If he should listen more to gospel news;
But mark the change! the application nigh,
Around him buzz'd a little, stinging fly,
That lit upon his nose. In haste he drew
One hand to strike, before the insect flew,
For vengeance rankled in his pettish heart,
Till death should on the poor musquetoe dart:
But, while he hastily with palm took aim,
The preacher was decreed again to name
His text, to waken salutary fear,
He who has ears, Jehovah says, *should hear.*
The Lord commanded, "HEAR, thou scoffer proud,
"Hear, rebel, hear," in thund'ring long and loud:

In consternation dropp'd the other hand;
Unmask'd, he seem'd before his Judge to stand,
And floods of light burst through his opening eyes
Which swept away all refuges of lies.
Conscience no longer slumber'd at her post,
But marshall'd round him the accusing host,
Of guilty fears, and images of crimes,
Before conceal'd by custom of the times,
Till he besought for mercy, ever near,
Reserv'd in bounteous store, that man may fear;
When lo! the herald, like one sent to give,
The Ransom proffer'd, that the soul might live*.

XXIV.

Said William, while their salutations rude
He would with gauze, or any thing exclude,
"Since flies can be the instruments of grace,
"Let none presume to execrate the race."
With this soliloquy he rose in haste,
Refreshment from a cooling well to taste,
For sleepless hours, with fever in the brain,
Will make the nervous temp'rament complain.
Restor'd at length, the moisture of the skin,
He watch'd the net-work vapours scudding thin
O'er Queen of Night, in sportive ecstacy,
Until he caught, perhaps, the lunacy,
That most prolific source of wand'ring rhyme;
For on his temples now he thrumb'd the time,
While ev'ry pulse responded with a line.

* The London Baptist Missionary Magazine states that these were actually the means used for the conversion of a Deist.

XXV.

THE MELODY OF THOUGHT.

Ah! Ellen, consenting, contending, relenting,
I while away, sleepless the night,
And listless devote the long day to repenting
That ever you beam'd on my sight,
The bright morning of love.

Say, charmer, delusive as visions of slumber,
How long shall I hope in despair?
Ah! why are th' illusions of girls without number,
Their souls as diffusive as air,
And giv'n, more giv'n to change?

Unjustly I censure, you contend, in despite
Of men far more changing than they:
But repeat, O repeat, what my wishes indite,
For surely your bosom must say,
"One youth loves for ever!"

My passions all ceasing from direful commotion
Of anguish my season's all o'er,
My warm heart, unconscious of idol-devotion,
Of love alone wishes for more,
Like the love of the Heav'ns!

XXVI.

Again the aching head the pillow press'd,
Again his supplicating soul address'd

The Father of the sleeping human race,
Beseeching for himself and Ellen grace;
For lovers of the Christian school will pray,
As well as frame the animating lay.
Not less important than the daily food,
Sleep came, refreshing, from the Source of good;
But in the morning hour of drowsiness
A dream surcharged him with profound distress:
For one of friendly and familiar mien,
Whom he remember'd somewhere to have seen,
Assur'd him, "THAT HE SHOULD A LADY WED
DISCLOSING HER ATTACHMENT TO THE DEAD
Who lov'd her father, and the man beside,
That brought dear relics, and obtain'd a bride."

XXVII.

"Such nuptial presents," said he, rous'd by grief,
"Comport with dreams; but to induce belief,
"That, in the sad solemnities of death,
"A widow shall regard a lover's breath,
"Requires th' assurance which results from fact."
Firmly resolv'd the prudent part to act,
Which challenges of right the firm defence
Of all the principles of common sense,
He cautiously pursu'd, as once a heart,
Which on the mountains gave the sudden start
To the shy roe; and trembled oft with fear,
That he should never tame the wounded deer.

XXVIII.

AMES* said, "my heart grows liquid as I write:"
And Mary could successfully invite
Her friend like waters to pour out his soul,
Freely as sailors o'er the midnight bowl,
(Who in *snug harbour* hear the thund'ring roar
Abash'd, retreating from the granite-shore,)
But with the purity of chrystal streams,
And the rapidity of solar beams;
While Ellen Duncan, now more distant grown,
Would scarcely to herself the int'rest own,
Which ev'ry social relaxation brought,
To interweave the texture of her thought.

XXIX.

'Tis strange, that those indissoluble bands,
Which bind the willing souls, should leave their hands
Unbound in wedlock. What prevents the youth,
With the sincerity of artless truth,
From banishing her needless self-reproach?
Why should he hesitate the theme to broach?
Why should she, sternly, her affections chide,
Or in the grave oblivious seek to hide
A sentiment, express'd by Nature's voice,
That ladies may anticipate a choice?
Are they alone bereft of right to choose,
Or are they doom'd clandestinely to *lose*

* The Hon. Fisher Ames, when writing of the death of General Hamilton.

Their bodies and their souls, as in the street
The lewd drop kerchiefs for the next they meet,
While men insist on their prerogative
To make selection, and their hearts to *give* ?
T' explain, in love, is ever difficult;
But then, success would cause him to exult,
Or disappointment arm with fortitude
Delusive expectations to exclude,
And calm the maddening tumults of his soul.
Onward anxieties progressive roll,
While William ventures no eclaircissement,
Nor understands precisely the extent
Of Ellen's, and his own increas'd affection:
For sedulous to circumvent detection,
She thinks herself, and makes the youth believe,
For no connexion would she Duncan leave;
Or gives, constrained by direful exigence,
Of her repugnance painful evidence.
Duncan was worthy of her confidence,
But willingly a lover would dispense
With such a fond partiality in her,
As would a father to himself prefer;
For men must father, mother, kindred leave,
And why should not the partners they receive!

XXX.

Another cause obstructed the desire
Of asking Ellen of her friendly sire,
Had she consented to support the claim;
For poverty has terrors in the name;

And William thought, " when youth of science wed,
" Want fills with ragged infancy the bed,
" Or bailiffs post the lumber of the head.
" Should hungry prattlers hang upon my knee,
" Sweet miniatures, thou dearest maid, of thee,
" And ask for food, while their fond mother lay
" A patient sufferer on her bed of hay,
" The last page, promis'd for the needful sum,
" Would never gain the five pound premium ;
" For reason, trembling on her shatter'd seat,
" Would abdicate it, for some drear retreat ;
" 'Tis better, therefore, timely to despond,
" Than be exil'd a frantic vagabond."

XXXI.

Sufficient are the troubles of each day ;
And 'gainst anxiety believers pray ;
But they will sometimes thoughtlessly transgress ;
Till sickly sensibilities distress,
With hourly fancies of approaching ill.
'Tis night, and melancholy vapours fill
The minstrel lover's mind, for through each pore
The penetrating East-wind makes a door,
For animalcula, in ceaseless train,
To sail in steam-boats on Malebranche's main,
Along Cartesian fluids to the brain,
Or to great Plato's presupposed moat,
Where Locke's *ideas* in *sensorium* float*.

* It appears to have been the opinion of *Plato*, *Des Cartes*, *Malebranche*, and even of *Locke*; that in a certain part of the

Inspir'd by many millions of these things,
The wild imagination takes her wings,
Sails down the current of his future years,
And sees a vision to confirm his fears.

XXXII.

A VISION.

"What wretch is that?" a lady cries:
"Some bedlamite!" her friend replies;
When up there came a tatter'd man,
Of middle age, and wildly wan.

"Pray ladies stay; restrain your scorn;
"You see a man, your equal born,
"In princely robes, of hope forlorn:
"Ah! stay! methinks the ladies fear—
"I'm worth five hundred pounds a year!"

brain, called the *sensorium*, the mind is present, where it perceives the images of objects, or the *ideas* of things, but never perceives external objects themselves. It is even a matter of uncertainty, according to this philosophy, whether there are any material objects in existence, which can be perceived by the human mind. *Berkeley* indeed asserts "that there is no such thing as matter in the universe; that sun and moon, earth and sea, our own bodies, and those of our friends, are nothing but ideas in the minds of those who think of them, and that they have no existence when they are not objects of thought; that all that is in the universe may be reduced to two categories, to wit, minds, and ideas in the mind." According to Locke, *ideas* are not material objects, nor thoughts, nor spirits. What then are they? Why is it not as rational to say, I think of man, I feel a soft skin, I taste delicious fruit, as to say, my mind is thinking about the ideas of these objects? It is certainly the doctrine of divine revelation that we think of material things, instead of thinking of the *phantasm* of feeling, tasting, and smelling *phantasms*. This philosophy becomes nothing but poetical romance.

The ladies fain would haste away,
But fear constrains them both to stay,
While trembling they attempt to find
Some gift, to make the madman kind.

" No wretch, no bedlamite am I !"
The man exclaim'd, with flaming eye ;
Then gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair,
With sun-burnt, panting bosom bare ;
Then stamp'd the ground, and smote the air.

Down flow'd his beard, all wet with dew :
But from his voice the ladies knew,
With whom they spake, and then was fear
Succeeded by the flowing tear.

As on he went, they heard him say,
" Away, dear Ellen, now away,
" And with me hail the nuptial day ;
" And poverty let others fear,
" I'm worth five hundred pounds a year !"

XXXIII.

Of all the fears, which agitate the mind
Of our aspiring youth, the most unkind,
The most injurious to the female name,
Except what would their chastity defame,
Is this, that from the higher ranks of life
The hope of splendour must allure a wife.

There are, who could with dignity descend,
And make their pleasures with their duties blend;
Who could forsake the gilded coach and four,
And walk without complaint, a mile or more;
Who could, should love and poverty compel,
With two or e'en a single servant dwell;
Or in hard times, without hysteric huff,
Re-cover buttons, or repair a cuff;
Or from extravagant diversions free,
More frequently at home, than—out—take tea;
Or healthful, with maternal fondness blest,
Nourish their offspring on their downy breast.

XXXIV.

Lives one of twenty so to feeling dead
As never to have felt an aching head,
Or loss of appetite, or want of sleep,
From unrequited love? For him might weep
Friends of humanity; for, destitute
Of social faculties, he like some lute
Unfinish'd, must remain for ever mute,
Or clash in discord with some jarring mate,
And all the charities of nature hate.
Long time does lovely Ellen's health decline;
And the catholicon of bark and wine
Restores not colour to her languid cheek.
In vain her fond afflicted parents seek
To make her robust by a morning ride,
And all in vain her eagerness to hide

The palpitation of her heart; for fear
Assails her, by a rumbling in her ear,
By darting pains and noises in her head,
And all the horrors which the gnomes can shed.
Such maladies, the scientific say,
Exclusively belong to finest clay,
Most exquisitely modell'd, that the mind
A fit receptacle for thoughts may find,
In which the intellect will never rust,
And which e'en Prudery herself may trust;
For matter twice refin'd was mother Eve,
As we from highest evidence believe,
And many *daughters*, certainly, from birth,
Are far more delicate than *sons* of Earth.

XXXV.

The clock strikes twelve, one dreary, stormy night,
When fears of madness Ellen's soul affright,
And rouse her mother from long wakeful dream,
With "madness! madness!" in half frantic scream.
Good lady Duncan answer'd, much amaz'd,
"Becraz'd, poor girl! She's certainly becraz'd!"
(For she who rarely utters a complaint,
Is free from all suspicions of a feint;)
"Alas, she's craz'd!" "O dear!" the daughter cries;
But winged now the mother heedless flies,
To William's door, with, "rise! my son, arise!
"Go for the Doctor; Duncan is away;
"Poor Ellen's mad! haste! haste, without delay!"

XXXVI.

Alarm'd, the lover jumps into his boots,
Across the yard to full fleet Ranger shoots,
Mounts without saddle, in his brown great coat,
And while his unbound locks and garments float
Behind him in the beating blasts of rain,
He courses five miles o'er the Eastern plain;
With thund'ring knocks alarms the Doctor's wife,
Who pinches soon her husband into life;
And then turns back, with promises of speed,
With all the fury of the home-bound steed.
Now o'er the rugged flints the steel shoes graze;
Along the path is seen the darting blaze;
Ranger breathes fire, and fans it with his mane,
Till all enkindled glows the foggy plain.
The mother, all whose soft emotions yearn,
Now triumphs in her messenger's return,
For she has confidence the man of skill
Her fears will banish, her fond hopes fulfil.
"Where is he?" asks one, from the casement high;
"He comes," the answer, "and perhaps is nigh."

XXXVII.

As William ties his Ranger to the stall,
"Best of the steeds," he says, "of Duncan-hall,
"I prize thee for th' adventures of the night;"
And to his chamber hastes with steps so light
No mortal hears him 'till he lays aside
His drizzly loose coat, of the lion's hide,

And gathers up his cloathing from the floor,
Bestrew'd indeed, not on the night before,
But scatter'd at the sudden midnight call,
When o'er he tumbled table, chair and all;
But warmly clad in garments dry and clean,
Still dark his room, approximates the spleen,
For Ellen frantic he would never see,
And groans, "alas! perchance, she's lost to me!"

XXXVIII.

Hear, now, the agitation of his pace,
Backward and forward moving through the space,
And listen to the counter-march within
The room divided by partition thin,
Until the matron cries, "come in, come in,
"You need not fear, and we dread no disgrace,
"In asking your assistance in the case."
He enter'd as in exigence behoov'd,
While arm in arm th' affrighted couple mov'd,
And now the elder, weary, gave her place
To one whose strength combin'd with youthful grac
To make him meet supporter for the friend,
With whom his being, willingly, would blend.
Around he negligently dropp'd, in haste,
The arm to fortify her slender waist;
And o'er it, moist with camphorated dew,
Emitting fragrance, all her ringlets flew;
For oft return'd her sudden nervous shocks
And oftener still the mother steep'd her locks,

And e'en her night robe, trim'd with ruffles round,
Which, lightly o'er her sloping shoulders bound,
Demanded frequently another pin
To keep her palpitating bosom in.
"My head!" she cries, and sinking in his arms,
Resuscitates her mother's first alarms,
With "I shall die!" but soon recovers breath,
To see the loveliest countenance of death.

XXXIX.

Again she walks, for pain will not permit
Her to recline, or patiently to sit;
And now she hangs about her lover's neck,
Nor would he wish the liberty to check;
Until the most sagacious Doctor came,
And 'gan with his latinity to name
The nature of th' incipient disease.
Determin'd with verbosity to please,
He talks profoundly, as one would instruct
His students *therapeutics* to conduct;
But finally decides, "in spoonfuls three,
"The maid shall hourly drink valerian tea."
He spake, but garrulous in wisdom, lags,
Still fumbling o'er his russet saddle-bags,
Containing all the compounds of the art,
The learned names of which he has by heart,
When lo! a little phial meets his eye,
Which turns the fairest countenance awry,
O'er which, with scientific hem! he said,
"*Ether* and *oil of amber* for the head!—

" Here—nightly take of this a dozen drops,
" Until th' *asthenic* palpitation stops."

XL.

Pope could delight to ridicule distress,
And show some slatterns in their vile undress,
To banish sentiments of tenderness,
But common sorrows of the female race
The sat'rist might in his own mother trace,
And should men scorn the sources of their life ?
Or wish they huge red whiskers on a wife ?
The man of delicacy feels delight,
When tend'rest sensibilities unite
To form one, destin'd on his arm to rest,
To be defended by his bony breast,
To yield him undivided confidence,
And warm'd by him feel pleasures most intense,
Or guard his hopes with well-requited care,
And with him cherish the long wish'd for heir.
Were woman brac'd like man through all her frame,
Tom, Dick, or Bob, should be her Christian name ;
And he who could, might love a maid in buff,
Well booted, with her skin and muscles rough ;
With her might box, or run the jockey race,
Or in the mob politic fight for place.
William, 'tis certain never lov'd the less
The object of his choice, for deep distress ;
But grew his passions daily more refin'd,
While she became insensibly more kind ;
Was pleas'd to be supported by his hand,
When scarcely able on her feet to stand,

And drank at the approaches of a fit,
The nauseous drug, when he presented it.

XLI.

When health return'd, there came, alas! once more,
The cautien too long prevalent before;
And she astonish'd at the new delay
To urge th' appointment of the happy day,
With dignity repell'd his fond embrace.
The muse, grown weary, here declines to trace
What fears and hopes alternate interchange,
In the advancement of this passion strange;
How Mary acts the unaffected part,
Without design to captivate his heart;
How Ellen, slighted by his prudent turn,
Continues his advances all to spurn,
Until, against the true philosophy,
He dares the last expedient to try,
By writing what's best told in language mute,
And is rejected in his formal suit.

XLII.

Shrill sound the locusts their late Summer-lay,
While feather'd songsters usher in the day.
The minstrel hears them melancholy sing
The lapse of Summer, sister to the Spring,
When Love was young, and ev'ry moment gay.
He hears the plaintful mates responsive say,
"No longer new-born blossoms yield perfumes;
"The buds have open'd, and the worm consumes
"Much unripe fruit. Some yellow leaves appear,
"Presages sure of the declining year.

"Colder the East blows, and the longer night
"Steals fast the day-spring of melodious flight.
"Live, then, the mem'ry of the seasons past,
"And through all seasons let affection last."

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

WILLIAM AND ELLEN;

OR,

THREE SEASONS

OF

AFFECTION:

A

POEM,

IN

THREE CANTOS.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.

As in the heat of Summer, and in the beginning of Autumn, the flocks at noon retire to the shade, so the discarded lover, whose attachment still continues, seeks a shelter from the uncomfortable ardour of affection. William determines to establish himself in a large city. His REMOVAL. *He experiences the* joy of grief *in his affection for the memory of* CLARISSA. *Description of a young Attorney's office in the city. Without business, he has some melancholy reflections.* HOME. *'My Mother.' The* FIRST CASE *of importance. The* history *of his* client. MYRA'S PARODY. *William becomes a distinguished pleader. Ellen's conduct and situation after the removal.* A PROSPECT *in a new office.* AFFECTION RIPENING. *Duncan's third attack of the* APOPLEXY *happens in the city, which he has visited with his daughter, on business. The corpse returned to Duncan-Hall.* DUNCAN'S CORONACH. *William's sympathy with the mourners. Ellen's religion.* DREAMS *of uninspired men.* THE CONCLUSION.

WILLIAM AND ELLEN;

OR,

THREE SEASONS OF AFFECTION.

CANTO III.

THE AUTUMN.

I.

WHO in the heat of Summer shuns the shade?
Or in th' autumnal noon dislikes the glade,
To which the panting, fleecy flock retires,
While herbage, reddening on the plain, expires?
Or who long gazes with the naked eye
On the unblushing sun, ascended high?
Or what enamour'd, but discarded wight
Endures the presence of his favourite?
Frustrate were all our hero's cherish'd plans,
And negligently nerveless hung his hands,
Until a brother barrister of fame
Began to manifest a spirit tame,
(Though fierce and impudent, without a cause,
In seeking justice from his country's laws,)
When Ellen seem'd to welcome his address:
Then loads of anguish on the bosom press,
And William arms to subjugate desire.
To conquer love, the lover must retire.

II.

Not long the subject needs that mind revolve,
With which, to understand, is to resolve;

And forthwith are the best arrangements made,
To hide what infelicities invade
The noblest human mind. He lov'd indeed,
But never suppliantly deign'd to plead,
With bended knee, or melancholy wail,
Or kisses lavish'd on the long thumb nail:
He lov'd indeed; but in no childish pet,
Persuaded 'twas his wisdom to forget,
For residence a distant city chose,
Where oft, he heard, that genius rapid rose,
Where thousands need a spirited defence,
And vice alone is doom'd to indigence.
Bound thither, let him in the stage-coach ride,
And speechless sit, two damsels by his side,
A man of learning on the seat before,
Behind two pictures of the belles of yore,
While his umbrella answers for a lyre,
On which he drums, while changing scenes inspire.

III.

THE DEPARTURE.

Ah! how I've spent five rolling years
Amidst alternate hopes and fears,
  On yonder sightly hill!
I've lov'd, and hop'd, but hope has fled,
And, oh! that love itself were dead;
  For it torments me still.

Recall, lost friend, if you will deign
To analyze my present pain,
  Some scenes for ever o'er:

Recall, when, spite of Ranger's fall,
I came with glee to Duncan-Hall,
  To which I hie no more.

The blooming May and warmer June
Contriv'd to keep my soul in tune,
  And you was ever gay;
But now a single trunk contains
A country 'Squire's penurious gains,
  And Reason cries, "away!"

Heighho! I've taken final leave!
But, might I know that thou didst grieve,
  When last I bade adieu!—
"Farewell," I heard your friends reply,
And Mary parted with a sigh;
  But no farewell from you!

You hasten'd from my sight apace,
With *something* glowing on your face,
  But *what*, you would not speak.
I thought 'twas love, but must confess,
In me, some latent tenderness
  Must have produc'd the freak.

Alas! there's left no trace behind,
Except I've left one in her mind
  Who could my friendship spurn;

With whom I linger on the hill,
And think at ev'ry step, " I will—
  " No ! I will not return."

Ere this, most unsuspicious I,
Ne'er thought to ask the reason why
  Delights the roughest place ;
Nor thought before one tender hand
Could bind around the strongest band,
  Within a little space.

Ellen, I've lov'd ; and you know too,
To think the very same of you,
  Is what my soul desires :
You did love once, or all was art
To gain deceitfully my heart,
  And fill with quenchless fires.

Fain would I think you did suspect
Inconstancy, which could neglect
  The maid too feebly sought ;
Or that you said, " his ardent mind,
" Will change with ev'ry veering wind,
  " If I am cheaply bought."

Out ! out ! my heart and hand were free,
Or only bound, dear maid, to thee ;
  Attest the Heavens above !

What! what avails this dismal lay?
Or who believes, when ladies say,
"We marry but for love?"

IV.

Hereafter can the youth of feeling feel;
Or will his heart become thrice harden'd steel?
Gloomy, all fairy forms the lover leaves;
He loves the dead, and for the living grieves,
Or for departed virtue laurel weaves.
While love maternal heaves the frequent sigh,
His soul awakes to tender symphony;
And undulating whispers waft the breath
Clarissa breath'd t' embalm her name in death.
"From these fair dales, and evergreen alcoves,
"From Litchfield's lucid streams and shady groves,
"From scenes where simple nature strikes the eye,
"And hills and dales in gay profusion lie,
"My thoughts, still bent on absent views to roam,
"Now give the image of my native home.
"The river, sparkling in the sun's bright rays,
"On whose fair banks I spent my earliest days,
"The rugged mountain on whose brow is seen
"The hemlock's shade, and shrubs of varying green,
"The hills reflected in the placid flood,
"Here bright with verdure, there obscur'd by wood,
"The vine supported by the towering tree,
"All spread their charms, alas! in vain for me*!"

* These lines were actually composed by an uncommonly beautiful and amiable young lady, while at school, not long

V.

Unfinish'd here were left the flowing lines,
And those who read what Providence designs,
Persuade themselves th' enrapt'ring child of love
Was summon'd hence to tune her voice above.
Her notes reverberate in William's ear,
Who thus converses with a spirit near:
"Thy muse was too prophetically true!
"All spread their charms, alas! in vain for you.
"But tell me, lovely and celestial friend,
"Did sister angels warn thee of thine end,
"And premonitions give in strains like these,
"Strains, which the most insensible might please,
"That, left recorded in thine own fair hand,
"Thy future destiny, foretold, might stand?
"In vain are all the pleasures of the grove,
"In vain the praise of undissembled love:
"For sublunary things no more delight
"Immortals blest with UNCREATED LIGHT.
"Thy soul, once bent on absent views to roam,
"Now dwells for ever at its native home."

VI.

Lead me, dear mourner, where the lily sleeps;
On the damp grave, o'er which the willow weeps;
That I may scatter garlands o'er the place,
And from oblivion's catalogue erase

previous to her sudden death. They bear evident marks of genius; and were Clarissa now living, I doubt not but the reproach, "America produces no poets," would be taken away.

Her name, to be recorded on the list,
Of those, who, dead, continue to exist.
No longer be to silent shades consign'd
One who possess'd a most uncommon mind:
Let thousands read the lov'd Clarissa's name,
And daughters of Columbia spread her fame.
The mourner led me where the ashes lay,
But seem'd with pensive thoughtfulness to say,
" She needs no praise which pens of fire can give,
" While bleeding Memory and Friendship live:
" Here, in my heart's the shadow of her face,
" And in my soul, her soul retains its place."
Mark, reader, consonant with tender thought,
Th' effect by some unseen disposal wrought;
For willows rarely wilt in lowly land,
When planted cautiously by female hand;
But Jane and I her weeping willow found
Completely blasted, in its favourite ground;
And said I, " Maid, your mourning plant is dead,
" With weeping o'er Clarissa's mould'ring head."

VII.

One floor below the pavements, and behind
Strong iron gratings, and venetian blind,
In such a white-wash'd cellar as the host
Of city pettifoggers frequent most,
Our young practitioner demurely sat,
With feet on marble mantle rais'd, and hat
A-kimbo set, to catch the curling smoke,
Which oft inspires the quibbler's dull, *dry joke*;

For few, the head-bump'd clients must deplore,
At first, can occupy a higher floor.
Ten days had pass'd; no anxious mortals saw
Th' attorney's tin advertisement of law;
Or if they saw, pass'd to the office next,
Where they before had purchas'd—law perplext.
Sadness return'd; he thought of Duncan-Hall,
And thought the profit of exchange was small.

VIII.

He thought of home. But has he such a place?
"Yes," said his mother, with a cheering face,
"My son retains a home within this breast,
"A soothing home where'er his parents rest;
"And in the clay-cold grave, to which we haste,
"Our child an ecstacy of bliss may taste."
True, pious woman, all your words are true,
"And let me spend eternity with you,"
He said; "for while on earth, I cannot know
"One half the kindness you desire to show.
"Duty requires me business to pursue,
"And all my birth-place pastimes must be few.
"My mother, when I learn that thou art ill,
"How many melancholy visions fill
"This active soul. Methinks I see thee droop,
"Surrounded by a num'rous, weeping group
"Of little ones, whom, with expiring breath,
"You give to God, and close your eyes in death.
"For you I weep not; but my tears must flow,
"For those, who, motherless, would never know

"What care you exercis'd, what love you felt,
"What active goodness in their mother dwelt,
"Your sympathy and tenderness must live,
"And mildness to my father's firmness give;
"For wisdom and maternal love unite
"To constitute th' abode of my delight.
"Ah! should I e'er return and not find thee,
"My birth-place would afford few joys for me:
"Where vital breath I drew, and first saw light,
"A stranger, I should tarry but a night.
"Long live both parents, and inculcate truth;
"To virtue bend the tender plants of youth;
"And may the Sun of Righteousness arise,
"To fructify, and ripen for the skies."

IX.

One whose profession must procure him bread,
When unemploy'd, is harass'd with the dread
Of pinching penury. Not without cause
He fears the tailor too will plead the laws;
And, having justice on his side, obtain
The damages his broadcloth may sustain,
Not only from the shears, but threadbare time.
These fears, thou conscientious youth, were thine,
When months no fleecing litigation brought,
Nor purse-proud merchant paid thee for a thought;
Nor were thy prospects mended much, when came
A pallid damsel, with a sturdy dame,
To ask assistance 'gainst a treach'rous foe,
Whose promises entail'd a child of wo.

X.

Old Dame was resolute and fierce in tears;
The damsel tremblingly alive with fears,
Half turning, lean'd her slender figure tall,
Deep vail'd in black, against the office wall.
" Come, speak," the elder said, but not a word
The all-attentive man of feeling heard:
" Speak, and this 'Squire will take the vengeance due,
" On that vile fellow, whom you've lov'd so true."
A sigh alone escap'd th' afflicted wight,
But sighs are not sufficient to indict.
" Speak, now, I say," the angry woman bawl'd,
Like pander, who had misery enthrall'd;
" Speak, else you know, the friendless, without bail
" May sell themselves, or starve in Debtor's Jail."
" Hold! hold! She knows me not;" the youth replied.
" Nor have I yet the Court of Sessions tried:
" Why should she then a stranger's aid employ?"
" I saw you, Sir, assist the orphan boy,"
The younger sigh'd, " and thought with little cost,
" You'd grant your pleadings, should my cause be lost

XI.

The case, at length elicited, was this:
A sprightly coxcomb saw a country Miss,
Inferior to him only in descent,
And such distinctions as the rich invent;
He saw one, educated to expect,
Her beauty might a plodding swain reject;
He saw one, varnish'd with the city gloss,
Who flirted fan, and gave her head *the toss*,

With all the dignity of the first grade,
Of rattling daughters, giddy with parade;
He saw one far more witty than himself,
And felt the passion of a rakish elf;
He fawn'd and flatter'd, slighted, kiss'd, and swore
Such vows as semblance of affection bore,
Which after three years' repetition were believ'd,
And hoping, longing, lingering Myra, was deceiv'd;
Deceiv'd! deceiv'd! until she fled the eye,
Which could with weeping and reproach descry
The swelling ignominy of her child.

XII.

She fled, to be with constant love exil'd,
But the seducer's heart turns adamant;
For 'tis lust's province feeling to supplant,
And one affliction on another roll,
Until th' abyss ingulfs the shatter'd soul.
Fred'rick first cool, became ere long severe,
Then curs'd his pride, and then her flowing tear,
Then without look would sometimes pass her door,
Then rarely came, and finally, no more.
Th' unconscious evidence of their disgrace,
Scarce show'd the father's form, the mother's face,
Then left the world, t' escape the guiltless shame
Which would have tarnish'd his unwelcome name.

XIII.

The suit was brought, alas! as laws direct,
Not the seducer's vileness to detect,

And punish him a gangrene to the state,
For crime committed, as the forms relate,
" Without the fear of God before his eyes,"
But for such child-bed costs, as *men* must prize.
Her case was stated, not with feeling feign'd,
But with such energy as must have gain'd
High damages, had Reason banish'd sense,
T' exclude the fascinating eloquence.
Happy for Myra, on the bench high thron'd,
A magistrate of sentiment high ton'd,
Who lov'd his Country, while he held the rod,
His conscience guided by the word of God.

XIV.

Henceforth, the advocate to influence rose;
But, ah! when premature the rose-bud blows,
It yields a short liv'd fragrance, and expires;—
So perish all indelicate desires.
The cause was gain'd, but ruin'd Myra fled,
With mortal anguish, to a humble shed,
And liv'd a mourner of the broken heart,
Till Death from her no human skill could part.

XV.

I've seen the cottage which th' award procur'd,
Far in the suburbs, where she liv'd immur'd,
With an old gard'ner and his frugal wife,
The short remainder of her wretched life.
Twelve month's she linger'd, and her only song,
Serv'd but remembrance painful to prolong,

For grief, when sensibly allied with sound,
Like echo, will continu'd grief rebound;
And Kitty says, "Pray, Sir, examine this,
"And then you'll know who murder'd our sweet Miss."

XVI.

MYRA'S PARODY,

ON THE EXILE OF ERIN.

Here rises the cottage of Myra of Mendin;
The dew on her thin robe was heavy and chill;
For her false one she sigh'd, when at twilight descending,
She sought her a shelter 'neath the wind-beaten hill.
Then her wild looks attested her inward commotion,
Then her breast was disturb'd, like the storm-driven ocean,
But oft elevated with frantic emotion,
She sung in wild accents, "my Fred'rick for aye!"

Sad still my fate! but the heart-melting stranger
Said, "wild deer and wolves to a covert can flee,
"And Myra, a refuge from famine and danger
"The laws of thy Country have destin'd to thee."
Yet never again in green shady bowers,
Where I smil'd at his smiles, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of "Fred'rick for aye!"

Mendin, my birth place! still sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy well-water'd vale;
But, alas! in a far southern State I awaken,
To sigh for the friends, who no Myra can hail.

Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no scoffings can trace me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me,
  Who pant to avenge me, but live to bewail?

Where is my cabin by yon waving wild-wood?
  Lonely sister! didst thou weep for its fall?
Lives now the mother who watch'd o'er my childhood?
  False Fred'rick, alas! has bereft me of all!
Say, say, sad heart! long a stranger to pleasure,
Why didst thou doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
  But virtue and honour can never recall.

Yet all its just accusations suppressing,
  One dying wish my sad bosom must draw:
Myra, an outcast, bequeathes thee this blessing;
  Repent of thy treach'ry, Fred'rick, for aye!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Calm be thy soul, like the sleep of the ocean,
And let harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
  "Fred'rick was contrite; Fred'rick for aye!"

XVII.

While William was engag'd in scenes like these,
The heart of Ellen found but little ease,
For hope would gleam like some far distant light,
That glads the traveller in the darksome night,
Then vanishes as he descends the hill,
Then, re-appearing, seems more distant still;

And "hope deferr'd," should pride prevent complaint,
Will make the bravest human spirit faint.
Now when the brother barrister was wise,
His consequential look she could despise,
His most obsequious attentions shun,
Or ask the repetition of a pun,
Committed for the table, bar, and bench,
Now told a lady, now a court-house wench;
A pun re-told, which Ellen would not ken,
For she abhorr'd vulgarity in men.

XVIII.

She felt a void no thousand fops could fill,
Nor was ambitious of the pretty skill
Of giving her admirers consequence,
To give them finally more deep offence.
With less attention she regarded books,
But sought amusement from substantial books,
Visited rarely, and was then reserv'd,
Unless she found the conversation serv'd
T' improve the mind which needed to be taught,
And gain'd her some materials for thought.
Her sisters she would statedly instruct,
And all domestic business now conduct,
Her mother's representative below,
(Where ladies sometimes should in person go,
To teach their servants prudent management
And culinary sluttery prevent,)
The mistress of the chambermaid above,
In all things duteous to parental love.

But no employment could erase the thought
That pride had all her desolations brought;
No pleasure supersede the fond desire
Of finding unextinguishable fire,
Remaining latent in the flinty heart,
Which could, abruptly, from her presence part.

XIX.

Months thus elaps'd, and brought no friendly line,
With e'en the compliment, "dear lady, thine;"
But straggling Fame blab'd in her list'ning ear
Suspicions which confirm'd her painful fear,
That in the city he would soon aspire
To one whose weighty charms excite desire.
Now she remember'd his attractions too,
And well persuaded none would think them few,
Could rather wish him of indifferent face,
Or, for a time, endow'd with awkward grace.
"Can he," she thought, beholding his profile
With strong affection, "soon himself exile
"Forever from this lonely Duncan-Hall,
"Which he, facetious, would *his heart's home* call?
"Will he relinquish me, without effort
"His claims of *tried affection* to support?
"Indeed, he lov'd me; and I must confess,
I [illegible] is exquisite distress."

XX.

Of William's state take we another view,
Well pleas'd to find him in an office new,

And far more pleasant than the darkling cell
Where even Hamilton himself might dwell,
Were he a young man at the crouded bar,
Unless prevented by some happy star;
Where lives for ever the pedantic fool
Well scented with the fumes of Liverpool:*
We find him seated in a writing chair,
His room admitting an exchange of air,
And only faulty for a prospect rare;
No prospect all the fashionable rage,
Existing only on a Novel's page;
For one green poplar in his vision grew,
And that well hedg'd in neighbour's avenue;
Nor could he wide expanding fields espy,
Except in azure 'midst the worlds on high,
Seen through an opening made by Dutch roof tall,
Descending half way to a fire-proof wall;
A prospect his which Adam might survey,
Eve's dressing chamber o'er the narrow way
Not three rods distant was the casement wide,
Whose shutters commonly her form would hide,
But negligent, at times, the taper shine
On her divested of the muslin zone,
Upon the fine proportions—near her neck,
Bent forward to impose th' extinguisher,
That dim'd the unknown eye which measur'd her.

* Does the author intend the fumes of Liverpool coal, or of Liverpool crockery, stored in contiguous cellars? The question must be answered by those who have been conversant with these under-ground offices.

XXI.

When windows only partially expose,
Who in warm weather will each crevice close ?
Or who from beauty turns away his eyes ;
Or ought in truth, except vile passions rise ?
William 'tis certain, thought his prospect fine,
For he could on his great lord Coke recline,
Appear to be attentive to his book,
But give a frequent half-averted look,
Which sometimes met her sympathetic glance,
That sent delicious, momentary trance ;
For Ellen's soul in her expression shone,
A soul peculiar to the best alone.
This was the secret of his prospect rare ;
Something he daily saw like Ellen there.

XXII.

Much had he talk'd and sung of weded life,
Of human names, that dearest name, a wife ;
Had thought he lov'd, and liv'd upon the thought,
But now found every early passion naught,
An idle fancy, evanescent dream,
Existing merely as a nov'list's theme,
Except that painful something in his heart,
Which still produc'd involuntary smart,
While silently he burn'd without a flame,
At mention of her interdicted name.
Or when he meets th' acquaintance of the girl,
Around he feels his sober senses whirl,

And speaks of brother, sister, mother, friend,
With hope her name the dialogue will end.
Elicited, he wishes nothing more,
And thinks his seasons of affection o'er;
Yet unawares, "does she retain her state,
"Domestic maid, unanxious for a mate?"
Invariably he strives this truth to know,
Before he lets th' unthinking neighbour go,
And sends his messages to all beside
The one from whom he would his weakness hide.

XXIII.

Reclin'd on midnight couch, he often said,
When suits were not depending in his head,
"Of all the male and female of our race,
"This charmer only can I wish the grace
"To bear celibacy. Let others wed,
"And Hymen lead them to the spicy bed,
"But should I ever be constrain'd to hear
"What I assuredly have cause to fear,
"That Ellen has espous'd the best of men,
"I'll wish her happy in her choice; but then,
"If I am not that man, I fear to tell
"How in the consequence would triumph hell!
"Tell me, can this be love? Or is it hate,
"That I should wish each half of man its mate,
"Till Ellen and myself were left alone
"To make of twain the last remaining one?
"Indeed her happiness would give delight,
"For she was ever lovely in my sight,

"But I love not, she says, and she must know
"How tenderly the noblest feelings flow.
"If my affection genuine is not,
"Cupid has all his barbed arrows shot;
"His quiver can contain not one for me:"
Nor, reader, has the boy a dart for thee.

XXIV.

Not only months, but two years pass away,
Without one omen of the nuptial day,
And though he has no pleasure in his dream,
Yet WIDOW now becomes a frequent theme.
"It must be one of more than common wit,"
He says, "who could my disposition fit,
"Make me consent to take another's place,
"And banish Ellen from the dream'd embrace;"
For he in slumber whisper'd in her ear,
And her mild answer would his spirits cheer,
While on the pillow he impress'd a kiss,
And thought no other bosom yielded bliss.

XXV.

One morning, when his seven and twentieth sun
His annual circuit in the heav'ns begun,
Forth from his room he sallied to the walk,
To stroll an hour, or have a learned talk,
Should some street politician grasp his coat
And ask him for the latest news afloat;
When not far forward mov'd a person tall,
Which he recogniz'd chief of Duncan-Hall.
Forthwith he follow'd with a nimble gait,
With expectation, love, and hope elate;

But scarce could reach his venerable friend
When underneath he saw the "strong men" bend,
Like lightning darted on his crooked course,
And in the fall prevented all the force.
With certainty he knew 'twas Duncan's chest,
Which almost lifeless on his bosom prest;
The handkerchief he loosen'd from his neck,
Lest it should needful circulation check,
While to the gath'ring croud he cried, "a coach!
"A coach!" which speedily he saw approach,
In which the heavily depending head
His arms supported to his softer bed.
Hosack and Post, De Witt and Miller came,
With Osborn, Nelson, Hunt, deserving fame,
Whose skilful efforts not a son could blame;
But can the Faculty, when put to rack,
Parry the apoplectic third attack?

XXVI.

Twelve hours the man of feeling watch'd the breath,
The only evidence of absent death;
Twelve hours good Duncan neither groan'd nor spoke,
And never from the lethargy awoke,
Till some one press'd the mourner from the bed,
And bow'd with shrieks upon the hoary head.
"Father! dear father!" was her piercing cry;
Then on his child he rais'd the fallen eye,
And speechless sunk into eternity.

XXVII.

The daughter's lips salute the bloated face;
She would some lingering pulsation trace,

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But finding none maintains an awful peace,
While tears suppress'd her agonies increase.
" Stranger," she says, " take my dear father h
" And be assur'd of ample recompense."
Stranger! stranger! proceeds the name from p
But now 'twould be brutality to chide.
" Ellen! your father triumphs with the just,
" But we are still the guardians of his dust:
" Say where the precious relics shall repose."
" Stranger," she said, and from the death-bed
The lamp shone bright upon his tearful eyes;
" William! dear William!" burst forth in surp
" He was unknown who found my father lost,
" Forgive me that I spoke to you of cost."
Now partial joy, commingling with her grief,
Forc'd floods of tears, that gave some short relie
When leaning on his arm she heav'd the sigh,
" My father must beside his father lie."
William remember'd to have heard him say,
" Children, my bones beside the oak-tree lay,"
And since, perchance, 'twould soothe the widow's
With earliest morning promis'd to depart.
Ellen he then persuaded to retire,
(For reason was not banish'd by desire,)
While all the decencies were paid her sire.

XXVIII.

Down to the packet all were borne away,
Before the dawn of the succeeding day:
The South-West blew, and studding-sails were
To waft the flying " Venus sloop" ahead.

Fresher the wind blows, but continues *free*,
And rapidly they cross the inland sea,
With Ellen silent on the *quarter-deck*,
Her passions founder'd, and her heart a wreck.
One day and night they move upon the waves,
Which seem to her innumerable graves,
Then enter port, with signals half-mast-high,
To bid all mariners prepare to die.

XXIX.

Who now the widow shall for grief prepare?
Ah! who the sad intelligence will bear,
That her dear husband lately breath'd his last,
And rift her heart-strings with the lightning's blast?
William must be the messenger of wo,
While Ellen lingers with the corpse below.
Here, Muse, the curtain draw o'er all the scene,
And sacred sorrow from the thoughtless screen;
The mourners only know the mourning here,
Who still pour out the tributary tear.
Suffice it for th' indifferent to know
The village swains sing still this coronach.

XXX.

DUNCAN'S CORONACH.

Why does the captain heave a sigh,
A soldier brave when battle's nigh?
Why is the signal half-mast-high?
Why moves the Venus heavily?

The captain mourns a soldier brave,
The signal says, prepare a grave ;
The Venus loiters on the wave,
And yields the corpse reluctantly.

At early morn why clos'd the door,
For sixty years not clos'd before,
To open early never more,
And always open gratingly ?

The morn salutes not Duncan's chief,
The Hall itself partakes the grief,
And business gives no bland relief,
To his afflicted family.

This way behold an eagle soar,
Columbia's eagle, wisdom-hoar ;
And down the showers of laurel pour
Upon the country cemetry.

Why brings he presents ev'ry sun ?
Duncan, when late the war begun,
Forsook the plow, to bear his gun,
And next a sword, for liberty.

Many a scar the hero bore,
Not one behind, but ten before,
For much he fought, but never swore,
Nor stain'd his hands with cruelty.

WASHINGTON's Aid was he indeed,
Beneath him died his chestnut steed,
When LEE from Monmouth would recede,
To his eternal infamy.

When peace return'd, and thou wast free,
America, he first lov'd thee,
But would all foreign influence flee,
While bound in strictest amity.

Again he plow'd his native field,
The raw militia then would wield,
That they might prove our future shield
And buckler in adversity.

He sat in council of the land,
The civil sword gleam'd in his hand,
A freeman of the Christian band,
Lov'd only heav'nly monarchy.

Ye masters of Masonic rite,
Whose signs with sentiment unite,
To mourning every Lodge invite,
For one of genuine Masonry.

Let muffled drums, with solemn sound,
Beat to his fame, who left the ground
Of victory, with bleeding wound,
Obtain'd for his posterity.

Ye patriot few of seventy-five
And seventy-six, who still survive,
Ye bravest of the men alive,
White wave your locks in sympathy.

Not many such remain to die:
Sons of Columbia raise the cry,
That Heav'n would send us from on high
The spirit of our ancestry.

Let millions like great Duncan rise,
To fill proud tyrants with surprise,
And train a nation for the skies,
In our belov'd America.

XXXI.

Poets have always said, that loveliness
In lovely woman shines most in distress,
For one but moderately fair in white
Is almost beautiful with black bedight;
And one of wit, in sprightliness severe,
In sorrow banishes affections fear
Of being thought inferior in sense,
Because not shrewd of speech at her expense;
For men of delicacy will disdain
The repartee which gives a lady pain,
Though sometimes well deserv'd, in compliment
To all the spleen of dignity they vent.

XXXII.

But Ellen's loveliness requir'd not shade,
Nor could it in the keenest sorrows fade;
Her fortitude was great, her spirit tame,
In anguish silent, though of nervous frame;
So silent and so sad that William's tongue
And mental energies seem'd all unstrung,
For when the corpse lay in the gloomy hall,
He sat insensible to ev'ry call
Made by the voice of chast'ning Providence,
T' attempt sweet consolation to dispense.
He heard, indeed, the village church-bell toll,
And sounds of sadness to the mountains roll;
He went in sad procession to the place
Where sleep the fathers of the present race,
Now cultivating each surrounding hill,
And saw the sexton Death's dark yawning fill,
Yea, (such the sober custom of the State,
Which men of feeling blush not to relate,)
Th' afflicted family beheld the dust,
So precious, yielded to its mother's trust,
And he, one of the many mourners, stood
Beside the daughters of the sable hood.

XXXIII.

His hand to yonder coachman see him wave,
And lead one child of anguish from the grave;
See him at church, on the succeeding day,
Where all the yeomanry conven'd to pray,

That God would sanctify the gen'ral wo,
And teach them in adversity to know
Why GOODNESS INFINITE afflicts mankind;
See him, when Bishop Faithful would remind,
With heart sincere, and countenance sedate,
His flock of virtues they should imitate,
In their departed father, brother, friend,
If they, like him, would have a peaceful end;
See him again, in the belov'd abode,
And still you see him labouring with 'a load
Of double anguish. Must he leave again,
To see, all human prescience knows not when,
(Never perhaps!) the person of his choice,
And like a bridegroom o'er his bride rejoice?

XXXIV.

Less blooming than in former happy days,
Her mind improv'd, deserves still greater praise;
And practical belief of truth divine,
Began of late habitually t' incline
Her soul to piety. Long since she knew,
In speculation, all the Gospel true,
But now, is so convinc'd of human guilt
As to reject the hope on which she built,
And thankfully accept of pardon free,
From him who *gave himself*, Paul says, *for* ME,
For all who in his righteousness believe,
With faith his substitution to receive
For their salvation. Now with open heart
She takes what grace by promise will impart,

And feels constrain'd by gratitude for love,
Yea, pard'ning love, t' obey her HOPE above.

XXXV.

Their state, when two the same emotions feel,
They cannot from each other long conceal;
Yet Ellen had no notion of a spell,
Nor charm of dream remarkable to tell;
But she believ'd, and had one ask'd her, "why?"
Her reason would have been, "God will not lie."
On this discovery more mellow grew
The genuine social love, which long since blew:
For he who loves five strings in unison,
Will not reject the panharmonicon*.

XXXVI.

Can William quit, without th' attempt to know
If he must every future hope forego?
For fifteen days he linger'd at the Hall,
While sacrificing business great and small,
But any stranger might distinctly see
His presence comforted the family.
At their request he took lord Duncan's place,
At table reverently asking grace,
And praying statedly, with the address,
"God of the widow and the fatherless."
How can he say the second time adieu?
Daily from the unwelcome thought he flew,

* The name of a musical instrument, invented in Germany, in which are combined most wind and stringed instruments, which are all played in perfect harmony, at the same time, by one musician. It has been exhibited in America, by Mr. Pardi, an Italian.

Until constrain'd to name th' ensuing day
As last to which could be prolong'd his stay.
Why should he more and more involve his heart,
When still rejected, he must still depart?
"Alas!" he said, "I must some widow wed,
"Disclosing her attachment to the dead,
"Who lov'd her father, and the man beside,
"Who brought dear relics, and obtain'd a bride;
"Some Catholic, of course, who values bones,
"And measures hope by counting polish'd stones."

XXXVII.

Th' interpretation was as good as most
Of modern dreamers and expounders boast;
But should a dream contingently prove true,
Must supernatural have been the view?
In midnight slumber mortals often think,
And often when the daylight makes them wink,
But should the pre-conceiv'd event transpire,
In neither case pretend He must inspire,
"Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire."

XXXVIII.

THE CONCLUSION.

A BALLAD.

The eve before th' approaching flight,
Mild was the air, at soft twilight,
And Luna rose to watch the night,
But Ellen's soul was heaviness.

Down to the sandy hill of graves,
O'er which an aged oak-tree waves,
Which time through veneration saves,
Love's daughter hasted secretly.

She thought to spend a short time there,
In humble exercise of prayer,
And on her Father cast her care,
To keep her from despondency.

'Twas sorrow exquisitely bland,
Beside the new rais'd turf to stand,
The head-stone bearing up her hand,
On which her face lean'd tearfully.

XXXIX.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

The eve before th' approaching flight,
Mild was the air, at soft twilight,
And Luna rose to watch the night,
But William's soul was gloominess.

Ellen was in his ev'ry thought,
Ellen through all the Hall he sought,
And though his silent search was naught,
Yet still declin'd all inquiry.

Sadness from mirth desires a screen,
The pensive love the saddening scene,

And sorrow must from sorrow wean,
By an indulgent tenderness.

Down to the sandy hill of graves,
Whose furthest side a current laves,
That grinds to foam its falling waves,
He too descended thoughtfully.

"Far, far away to-morrow's morn,
"When stage-man shrilly winds his horn,
"This soul of feeling must be borne,
"Against my will most grievously.

"But ha! just o'er this intervale,
"What gives that lovely shadow pale?—
"'Tis she!—Aye, might a brother wail,
"And drown her grief in sympathy!"

He said, and near the babbling brook,
Wound softly round a little nook,
Till near her form his stand he took,
Behind some white-oak shrubbery.

XL.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

"Father, dear father," Ellen said,
(Her soul now visited the dead,
And sought her parent's spirit fled,)
"My soul still loves thee ardently.

"Thy noble breast was my defence,
"And now my heart bears evidence
"A lover could not draw me thence,
"Although I lov'd him fervently."

"Here's a *disclosure*," thought the youth;
"ATTACHMENT *to the dead*, in truth;
"But to a lover, ah! forsooth!
"I've been deceiv'd most foolishly."

Scarce could his tongue refrain from speech,
For hard the task a man to teach
No gen'rous maiden to impeach
Of coquetry, from jealousy.

Himself he blam'd, but listen'd still,
Then heard the scream of "whip-poor-will,"
And felt reproach his bosom thrill,
Utter'd by her unknowingly.

"Father, who sought thy country's weal,
"And could for private suff'rings feel,
"Who now this bleeding heart shall heal,
"Or prove my mother's confidence?

"Far, far away, to morrow's morn,
"When stage-man shrilly winds his horn,
"From us our consolation's borne,
"The youth I've lov'd exclusively.

" Remains for me delight on Earth,
" Amidst this universal dearth,
" But in one of immortal birth,
" But in his soul's sublimity ?

" Indeed I love him, but below,
" The streams of disappointment flow,
" And thorns and thistles thickly grow
" In ev'ry path to happiness."

XLI.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

The shrubs he left, and softly drew,
His footsteps moisten'd with the dew,
Along the shade the old oak threw,
Till he could clasp his property.

One breath he paus'd, from fear to speak
" Father," she said, " thy home I'll seek
" Nor shall our triple love be weak,
" Nor frustrate in futurity."

" Ellen !" he breath'd, and caught the ma
Alarm'd, and darting like the shade,
Who could not now the truth evade,
With woman's known dexterity :

"Ellen! our souls have long been one;
"Now will I be your father's son,
"And upward with his daughter run
"The road to pure felicity."

XLII.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

Not three years since this happy pair
With joy receiv'd his father's heir,
And in due time a daughter fair,
To double blest solicitude.

Now they reside at Duncan-Hall,
Where rich and poor are pleas'd to call,
For there are souls still free to all
The claims of hospitality.

Banish'd far thence is paltry pride,
There elegance and peace reside,
Nor wish the lovers aught to hide
But their increas'd partiality.

The poor receive all needful aid,
Some get their bread, and some a trade,
And some, such clothes as Dorcas made,
And some, advice in chancery.

Example prudent all may see,
Who would from needless trouble flee,
And wish themselves like Christians free
From sin and Satan's tyranny.

Calm is their day, serene their night;
The heav'ns diffuse a cheering light,
And stars inscribe it in their sight,
SUCH LOVE IS FOR ETERNITY

THE END.